The Virtue of Reed Smoot—*an Editorial*

The Nation

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Divorce with Arbitration

A New Deal for the Red Man

by Ruby A. Black

Arthur James Balfour

by Lord Ponsonby

C. F. Andrews on "India in Bondage"

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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AFTER SIX MONTHS and eighteen days of weary discussion the Senate has completed its revision of the pending tariff bill. It has achieved the incredible in making it a more flagrant robbery of the American people on behalf of the privileged classes than has yet been voted by Congress. Senator Harrison declared that its rates are "the most obnoxious and indefensible ever passed." Senator Norris pointed out that in its administrative features it goes beyond anything ever before essayed in our history. The rates, he said, "are unjust, unfair, and indefensible, and some of them are almost criminal." We believe that there has been only one gain out of the whole twelve months of legislation since the special session met—the frank revelation of the way tariffs are made, the deliberate log-rolling, swapping of votes, and bargain and sale of tariff privileges at the expense of the American people so that certain manufacturers may be further enriched. As for the pretense that this bill helps the farmer, that is at best a delusion. That the bill will not in the slightest degree accomplish what he asked from Congress, that it blindly disregards his wishes to legislate only for the farmer and to avoid a general revision will not keep Mr. Hoover from signing the bill. There has never been any danger of a veto, no matter what the monstrosity to which the Congress might give birth.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE lingers on, but in so feeble and obviously hopeless a state that any day may bring news of its demise. Secretary Stimson still feels called upon to deny that the conference has been a failure and to censure the London press for saying that it is dead, but his official optimism does not deceive anybody and we doubt if he takes any stock in it himself. Even if, by some miracle, the conference should contrive to pull itself together and patch up an agreement of some kind that could be christened limitation of armaments, everybody would know that it was only a compromise designed to save the faces of Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald and that its moral value would be nil. The probability is that any other conference called as this one was called and set at a similar task would also go to pieces. It is futile to expect that juggling the tonnage figures of cruisers and submarines so as to make the totals somewhat less or the distribution by classes of vessels different will increase the likelihood of peace while each of the jugglers is still bent upon being prepared for war. The calamity that has overtaken the London conference has, indeed, gone far to discredit the whole idea of an international conference which seeks peace by such methods. There is need of deeper and broader foundations in international good-will and cooperation.

IN APPOINTING JUDGE JOHN J. PARKER, of Charlotte, North Carolina, to the Supreme Court of the United States, President Hoover has plainly had political and sectional rather than judicial considerations in mind. Born in 1885, Judge Parker is one of the youngest men ever appointed to the Supreme Bench. A North Carolinian by birth and education, at the age of twenty-four he was Republican nominee for Congress from the seventh district of North Carolina. Six years later he was the party candidate for attorney general and in 1917 for governor of the State. In 1924 he was North Carolina delegate at large to the Republican National Convention. Appointed United States judge for the Fourth Circuit by President Coolidge in 1925, for reasons fairly evident from the above record, he has had an undistinguished career during his four years on the bench, and he will bring to the Supreme Court neither notable legal learning nor any reputation for understanding of the great issues on which he is likely to have to pass judgment. Faced with a second great opportunity to appoint a real and comprehending jurist, Mr. Hoover has indicated his respect for the Court by naming a political judge to whom there will apparently be no opposition for the good reason that there is nothing in particular to object to.

THE HOOVER-HUSTON COMBINATION is a choice spectacle for the gods. Claudius H. Huston, as everybody knows, is chairman of the Republican National Committee. He is also, it appears, president of the Tennessee River Improvement Association, an organization which has favored acceptance of the bid of the American Cyanamid Company for Muscle Shoals. For the benefit of this association, the Senate lobby committee has discovered, the Union

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Carbide Company turned over to Huston two checks totaling $36,100, which amount Huston promptly deposited to the credit of his margin account with a New York broker, where it was used to buy and sell several hundred shares of stock out of which Huston made a profit, which profit he kept. The first effect of this disclosure was to make some of the party leaders at Washington feel that the only decent thing for Huston to do was to resign his chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, and something was even said about ousting him if he refused. Mr. Hoover, however, has a tough hide, and Senator Watson of Indiana, Republican leader in the Senate, after lunching with the President announced that he did not believe Mr. Hoover should ask for Huston's resignation and did not believe that he would do so. "Some persons may disagree with Mr. Huston's judgment," declared this apostle of purity, "but certainly I do not think his intrinsic honesty has been successfully attacked." Of course not. The Hon. Claudius didn't steal anything; he simply used some money that wasn't his and took a little private rake-off. The Republican gang ought to be able to stomach that.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the Federal Reserve Board and the stock market. Stock sales on the New York exchange during the week ending March 22 totaled no fewer than 23,108,870 shares, the largest dealings of any week since the crash of last fall, while bond sales amounting to $115,372,500 were the heaviest since June, 1924. The fifty representative stocks of the New York *Times* list showed an average gain of $6.31 for the week; they have already recovered between 35 and 40 per cent of their losses in the smash. Call money has been down to 2 per cent, and the Federal Reserve Bank rediscount rate is only 3½ per cent. As the "happiness boys" in Washington have not succeeded in getting business to going by cheerful talk, it is reported that a reasonable inflation of credit is on the cards, and the stock market feels the first impulse, brokers' loans having increased by half a billion dollars during the past sixty days. The comment in our issue of November 13 last blaming the feeble policy of the Federal Reserve Board in failing to check the speculative mania has just been officially verified by the annual report of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, revealing the attempts of the directors of that bank to raise rates at various times between February and May of last year, which attempts were vetoed by the board. Nothing short of omniscience could run the powerful Federal Reserve machine perfectly; ordinary sound business judgment could keep it from aiding wild speculation.

THE ACQUITTAL of Edward L. Doheny on the charge of giving a bribe to Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall in connection with the lease of the Elk Hills naval oil reserve, following the conviction of Mr. Fall for accepting that bribe, will not greatly surprise those who are familiar with the intricacies of our legal procedure and the vagaries of our juries. Nor does the fact that Mr. Doheny will go free make any great difference except as it tends to shake confidence in the operation of our law. He wept successfully before the jury, and now he will doubtless get his wish to be allowed to spend the evening of his life in peace. But the great body of intelligent Americans have needed to learn no more about the Elk Hills oil lease since February 28, 1927, when the Supreme Court of the United States declared it to be a "transaction not authorized by law and consummated by conspiracy, corruption, and fraud," or about the Teapot Dome transaction since October 11 of that same year, when the Court stated that "the lease and agreement were made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy between them [Fall and Sinclair]."

WHILE MR. WHALEN is making up his mind if and when he will send his resignation to Mayor Walker, *The Nation* does not mind offering him a little free advice. It is to resign now. As a police commissioner, he is an excellent impresario. He is without peer in his ability to invent new uniforms for policemen and taxi drivers, to appear smartly dressed to the last gardenia at the scene of the more important crimes, to welcome famous visitors to New York City. But on the whole his talents seem better suited to a large and flourishing department store like Wanamaker's than to the problems presented by the pursuit of crime in New York. We are glad to give Commissioner Whalen credit for having improved the traffic system in the city; a kind word also might be said for his having won increased wages for the higher grades of policemen. Beyond that we confess to finding ourselves at a loss. The unemployed demonstration on March 6, which he handled well for two hours and a half, he permitted to degenerate into a melee during the last twenty minutes. Since then his utterances on Communists and the methods he employs to detect and defeat them have been unlawful and dangerous. The American Civil Liberties Union announces that it will take legal steps to force Mr. Whalen's dismissal. Mayor Walker is reported as not too cast down at the prospect of losing his police commissioner, on whom the limelight shines so effulgently. Resign, then, Mr. Commissioner; don't wait till May Day. Wanamaker's needs you—New York does not.

THE LAST QUAKER DELEGATION that went to Governor Young of California to plead for a pardon for Tom Mooney and Warren Billings received, according to Arthur Heeb, member of the delegation, assurances that the Governor still believes the two men guilty and does not propose to be swayed by public opinion to think otherwise. Governor Young subsequently denied that he had said exactly this, but he was not clear as to what he had said. The Quakers were quite sure. The Governor, according to the delegation, explained that he had read all the documents in the case and that although some of the evidence seemed to have been perjured plenty of unquestioned evidence led him to believe the men guilty. Moreover, he said Mooney was not "repentant." The latter point is interesting; it indicates that, in Mr. Young's opinion, the best way to make a man repentant is to keep him in jail for thirteen years for a crime which he persists in declaring he did not commit and of which many thousands of his fellow-citizens also believe him innocent. The Pardon Board has yet to act and the State Supreme Court must render its decision on Billings's application for pardon. Mooney and Billings may still hope.

BEFORE CONSIGNING THE INCIDENT of the Harvard scrubwomen to a well-deserved oblivion, we wish to record with gratitude, as expressing the true Harvard tradition and the social conscience that we know is not

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dead in Cambridge itself, the protest of fifty-two alumni requesting payment of the back wages due the women under the minimum-wage decree. After calling attention to the variant explanations of President Lowell, Controller Endicott, and Treasurer Shattuck, they point out that the university authorities had full notice from the beginning, a representative of the Widener Library having appeared at the hearing of December 29, 1920, and protested inability to pay the added two cents an hour during the succeeding half-year, the budget being already made up. With nine years delay in compliance following, neither the commission nor the university appears in an enviable light. The protesting alumni characterize the university's attitude throughout the affair as "harsh, stingy, socially insensitive, and considerably short of the highest ethical standards of the time." The university answers the protestants in a formal statement of March 17: "The college authorities are now fully informed, and they believe that at all times in the past the cleaning women in Widener Library have been paid at least those wages required by the minimum-wage law and the decrees of the commission." There is nothing so consoling as faith.

OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE is the fifty-year working arrangement entered into by the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines for the joint operation of their two fleets, while preserving their individualities and their house flags. This practically means that the entire merchant marine of Germany will be under one management, thus eliminating the needless competition of the two lines, coordinating the services, and, presumably, cutting out a great deal of waste due to duplication of effort. Thus it is already suggested that all traffic to the North American Atlantic coast will be concentrated at Bremen, and that Hamburg will specialize in the Asiatic, South American, African, and Australian services. Recalling the extraordinary re-creation of the German merchant fleet in the twelve post-war years it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that this pool means that Germany may in a short time wrest the mercantile supremacy of the seas from England. Germany already has the two fastest passenger liners, and it will be years before they will be surpassed by either British or American ships. It would not be surprising if the British should answer the creation of this German monopoly by a combination of their own companies.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S twenty-day march from Ahmedabad to Jalalpur on the Gulf of Cambay, on the west coast of India north of Bombay, where he and his followers will undertake to make salt from sea water in defiance of the British monopoly, is reported only scantily in our newspapers. The departure from Ahmedabad naturally drew a great crowd, but while the reception accorded to Gandhi and his few score companions in the villages through which they have passed appears to have been cordial, the great popular response to this spectacular challenge to British rule that was looked for and feared has not yet been reported, if it exists. Gandhi's speeches have sought to impress upon his adherents the need of devotion to the cause of independence, even to the point of death if that should prove necessary, but it is perfectly evident that he has not abandoned in the least his policy of non-violence or encouraged his followers to use force. The British authorities, while doubtless prepared for eventualities, have as yet taken no public steps to interfere with the march. A special dispatch to the New York *World* by S. A. Brelvi, president of the Indian Journalists' Association, reports that extensive plans are being laid by the various Nationalist provincial congresses for mass civil disobedience in support of Gandhi's movement.

LET US HOPE that Lord Balfour, whose career Lord Ponsonby describes on another page of this issue, has left full diaries and that his memoirs will in time be published. For they might throw light upon one of the strangest mysteries of history. President Wilson, readers of *The Nation* will recall, solemnly and explicitly informed a Senatorial committee in 1919 that he had no knowledge of the inter-Allied secret treaties until he went to Europe for the Peace Conference. They had, to be sure, been published in this country by the New York *Evening Post* and other newspapers; Colonel House knew of them; President Wilson's own utterances had at times suggested knowledge of them. Balfour, in the House of Commons on March 4, had said that President Wilson was "kept informed" of the negotiations, and at the end of June, just returned from his triumphal tour of America, he said again: "By these treaties we stand; our national honor is bound up in them." It is hardly possible to believe that he said nothing in his long conversations with Mr. Wilson of the treaties to which Britain's honor was bound. Yet we have Mr. Wilson's word that just this happened. We are forced to conclude either that Mr. Wilson did not tell the truth, or that Lord Balfour, representing a government that was bending all its energies to win a war, did not hesitate to conceal something that might, by antagonizing an ally he wished to keep at all costs, endanger that all-important victory.

BORN TO GREAT WEALTH, the late V. Everit Macy never forgot the responsibility for public service which rightly goes with the possession of riches. Because of his ability and charm he could rightly have aspired to serve his country in high positions. Instead he chose to become Superintendent of the Poor in Westchester County, resigning from no less than twenty-three committees and governing boards to free himself for the task. At once he set himself to making over the entire method of handling the county's poor, sick, and criminal. The county "poor-house," full of drunken loafers, itself dirty, disreputable, and wretchedly managed, disappeared. In its place there rose a modern, clean, comfortable, orderly "hospital for the aged"—the mere changing of the name itself working wonders for the self-respect of the occupants. Reelected as Commissioner of Charities and Correction and of Public Welfare by both parties as long as he would take office, Mr. Macy gave freely of his private means as well as of his time. His finest achievement was the construction of a model county jail, wherein was instituted an advanced and scientific system of handling the prisoners. As head of the county parks he developed a chain of parks of enormous value to Westchester and to the city of New York. In other words, Mr. Macy found complete opportunity for the use of his business talents and the expression of his admirable humanitarian ideals.

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The Virtue of Reed Smoot

DIOGENES looked, with his lantern, for an honest man. We, in modest imitation, have for some time sought a virtuous one in the purlieus of the national Capitol. Now we have found him through his own confession. It is Reed Smoot, Senator from Utah. Here are his words uttered in the Senate of the United States on March 18: "If I should lose my virtue the first thing I would do would be to leave the Mormon church." Of the Mormons he had just said: "I know they are as industrious as any people in all the world; I know that the men and the women of the Mormon church are virtuous. . . ." Hence it is as an apostle of virtue that he has stood in the Senate combating that gallant, but mistaken, young Senator, Bronson M. Cutting of New Mexico, in his effort to "throw open wide the gates of this nation to a flood of obscene literature." We record this heroic admission because Senator Smoot confessed to his own virtue after having perused a great pile of, to him, obscene books, the basis of his exhilarating demand that every customs and postal inspector be given full censorship power. "If a customs inspector," said he once, "at the port of New York, with his knowledge of the world, regards on his own initiative a book as obscene it is about the nearest approach to a jury trial that can be had." Many of these inspectors, he explained, are "men of education, legal training, and broad information."

The New Mexican toreador, Mr. Cutting, was unkind enough to refer to D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as Mr. Smoot's "favorite work." The Senator from Utah rose to the defense of his impugned virtue:

> MR. SMOOT. I resent the statement the Senator has just made that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is my favorite work.
>
> MR. CUTTING. Then I withdraw the remark. I thought it must be, because the Senator has been reading it, apparently, since the Christmas holidays.
>
> MR. SMOOT. I will say to the Senator that I have not read it. I did not mark these books. They were so disgusting, so dirty and vile that the reading of one page was enough for me.
>
> MR. CUTTING. Ah, yes, Mr. President; but the courts of the United States say that the reading of one page is not sufficient, and that the book must be read as a whole. I am sure that between Christmas and the present time the Senator must have had occasion to read the book from cover to cover. I know that he has been quoting it to Senators.
>
> MR. SMOOT. I have not read it and I have not quoted it. Not only that, but I would not read the stuff. . . .
>
> MR. CUTTING. If the Senator has only spent ten minutes on the book I cannot see how he can tell whether or not there is anything elevating in it.
>
> MR. SMOOT. I could tell from the very beginning of the book; that is enough to indicate what the book is; it is enough to indicate that it is written by a man with a diseased mind and a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell. Nobody would write a book like that unless his heart was just as rotten and as black as it could possibly be. . . .
>
> MR. GLASS. That being so, why does the Senator from Utah calmly stand there and permit one of his associates to peruse that book?

Not even the ribald laughter which followed Senator Glass's interruption could swerve the Mormon from Utah from his noble purpose. Senator Cutting pointed out that as a schoolboy he was required to read passages of "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet" that "might have seemed just as indecent when they were published as the books to which the Senator from Utah has been referring." "Therefore there is no reason to think, after the publicity which the Senator has given to this book, that a hundred years from now 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' may not be compulsory reading, perhaps in the kindergarten classes." To this also Mr. Smoot was deaf. Nor could he be trapped by Senator Cutting's quotation from Emerson's works, "Every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side." Ralph Waldo Emerson is dead; besides, what was he in contrast to our own Reed Smoot?

And so the fight went on. Not, alas, to the complete triumph of virtue, for the Senate proved not to have all of Senator Smoot's faith in the knowledge of the world of New York customs inspectors; they are not to be the final protectors of our youth hereafter. But as to the main issue, there a majority of the Senate stood firm. Mr. Heflin of Alabama put it well: "My God, the idea of saying that foreigners who write this vile literature, the perverted minds that bring forth this filthy stuff and put it on the printed page, should have the right to send it into the United States to be circulated among the people of our country, is something I cannot understand." He next scorned those who would stop the coming into this country on "a little peach-tree bush" of parasites which injure our country's peach orchards and would "then permit this devilish foreign literature, vile and corrupt, to come in to poison the little plants of the American household, the boys and girls in the American home." Viciously he attacked the president of Columbia for taking the other side, calling him "Nicholas Murray, the butler of Columbia University." "He," roared Mr. Heflin, "is not loyal to the Constitution. He believes in social equality and teaches a school that admits both Negroes and whites on equal terms."

Well, victory comes in the main to the just. Senator Smoot and his cohorts have saved the little plants of the American household. In general no book "advocating treason or insurrection against the United States or forcible resistance to any law of the United States," or threatening the life of any person here, and no book which is obscene or immoral shall be admitted into this country. Classics or books of established literary or scientific merit, even though judged obscene, may be admitted at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, but only when imported for non-commercial purposes. Books seized as obscene by customs inspectors must be held by the collector to await the judgment of the nearest District Court—this a magnanimous yielding to Senator Cutting that there may be a court review of a collector's judgment. Thus is our country saved again! Let no one underestimate the glory of Senator Smoot, and above all let no one fear that the country will read some day that Mr. Smoot has resigned from the Mormon church. He is beyond seduction.

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Time to Act

THE unemployment situation is grave. Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner for New York, and John B. Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, testifying before the Senate Committee on Commerce, declare that conditions in New York City are the worst that they have been since 1914, and that they have been growing rapidly worse since October, when distress first appeared. Professor Benjamin M. Squires, of the University of Chicago, director of the Illinois State employment agency, testifies similarly that suffering from unemployment in Chicago is the most acute that it has been in ten years, and that Chicago is just like other industrial centers. The Family Welfare Association of America, a federation of 234 charity and welfare associations in more than 60 cities, reports an increase of 100 per cent in their expenditures for relief in January, 1930, as compared with those of January, 1929, and an increase of 200 per cent in the number of families in distress because of lack of work. Bread lines are crowded in the leading cities. The National Urban League estimates that there are at the least 330,000 Negroes with no work. The American Federation of Labor, on the basis of figures from twenty-four cities, announces 22 per cent of reporting members unemployed in February, against 20 per cent in January. The employment figures of the New York State Department of Labor, probably the best series in the country, in January stood at the lowest point in their fifteen-year history, except for three months in 1921, and February showed a further drop of nearly one-half of 1 per cent, although February ordinarily brings a gain of more than 1 per cent.

The shocking disingenuousness of the Administration in treating this situation was the subject of comment in our issue of February 26. Since that time its pronouncements have become, if possible, even more discreditable. It has juggled the monthly figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, a useful series now running back over fifteen years, and its weekly figures, hastily called into existence in December and consequently quite worthless, to show that everything is growing better day by day in every way. When weekly figures could be used, as in January and early February, to show increasing employment, they were blazoned abroad, though the January monthly figures showed a drop of 2.6 per cent from December. When the weekly figures turned the wrong way, attention was centered on the February monthly figure for manufactures, showing a gain of one-tenth of 1 per cent—about one-fifteenth of the normal February increase, by the way. The tricks of the Administration have already been quite thoroughly exposed, and it is scarcely too much to say that no informed person longer believes anything that the President, the Secretary of Commerce, or the Secretary of Labor says on the subject.

The importance of this last fact lies in the need for action and the desire of the Administration to prevent action—and, indeed, to prevent people from believing that there is any need for action. For years the American Association for Labor Legislation and other experts have urged the need of legislation to prevent unemployment. For years the party medicine men have drowned their requests by beating the prosperity tom-toms, and Congress has not lifted a finger. It is an interesting and little-known fact that President Coolidge personally blocked the measure for establishing a prosperity reserve when it was under consideration two years ago. Senator Wagner of New York has taken a commendable interest in the whole question, and following earlier efforts in the same field, on January 9 he introduced three bills—S. 3059 to provide for the advance planning of public work and the stabilization of industry, S. 3060 to provide for the establishment of a national employment system and for cooperation with the States in the promotion of such systems, and S. 3061 to provide for the proper collection and publication of employment statistics. Each of them deals with an essential part of a reasoned employment plan, and all of them together, combined with a measure of unemployment insurance, would constitute a reasonable fighting program. Senator Johnson promises that the Committee on Commerce will take action. No legislation now, of course, can be of any use in the present crisis; we must muddle through as best we can. Some cities, like Cincinnati, however, deserve credit for making real preparation. But we can use this crisis to get the beginnings of an intelligent national policy for preventing unemployment. The President, either through ignorance or through a mistaken notion of how to advance his own political fortunes, refuses to offer any leadership toward such a policy; but he has discredited himself so thoroughly in this respect that Congress can scarcely do less than disregard him and go forward with legislation. It is time to act.

The People's Power

DURING the campaign of 1928 Mr. Hoover made abundantly clear his intention to prevent as far as possible any extension of public enterprise. That purpose extends to the exploitation of natural resources still under federal control, which the President seems determined to turn over to private enterprise for "development" if he can. The ill-received—and, we may add, ill-conceived—land policy announced last summer was one part of such a program. The handling of the Boulder Dam affair is a second highly important case.

The protagonists of the Boulder Dam power project during the many years when the measure was pending were the cities and people of southern California that were friendly to municipal enterprise. They got the bill through, after many compromises, only against the most strenuous opposition of the power companies, among others. "The Boulder Dam law," says Judge George W. Woodruff of Pennsylvania, "is an arrow aimed directly at the heart of the power trust. It not only hurts the trust by freeing municipalities in California, Nevada, and Arizona from its domination, but it will be an example leading gradually to nation-wide freedom." The law, it will be remembered, requires the Secretary of the Interior in making contracts for Boulder Dam power to give preference to States and municipalities—a perfectly clear declaration of principle. But the Secretary of the Interior got an opinion from the complaisant Solicitor Finney that the law does not mean what it says and what the men who drafted it and put it through Congress say it

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means. Thereupon, though the States and cities applied for all the power, the secretary allocated to the Southern California Edison Company a certain part of that available for southern California.

Secretary Wilbur's representative recently took to Los Angeles the actual contract that the department wants the city and the company to sign. The friends of public enterprise were startled and greatly disturbed; for according to information given out by Senator Johnson, if the contract had been actually made the private companies might have got not only the power originally allocated to them, but also a part or all of that reserved for Nevada and Arizona, some of that assigned to the Metropolitan Water District, and finally the share of Los Angeles itself.

The legal situation is highly complex, but the following were among the leading grounds of criticism: First, the allocation is changed. Second, the contracts give certain distinct advantages to the States, which cannot now utilize their power, over the cities, which can, thus increasing the opportunity of the power companies, which look forward hopefully to gobbling up the 36 per cent of the power on which Nevada and Arizona have an option. Third, the Edison Company is required under the contract to put up half the money for the machinery at the dam and will thus apparently get equal control with the city of Los Angeles. The danger of power-company control is increased by a provision for a joint board of control in which the city and the company each name two members, the fifth being appointed by the Department of the Interior. Los Angeles has not forgotten that Secretary Wilbur made Mr. Bonner secretary of the Federal Power Commission on the recommendation of California utility executives. Fourth, the city is required to enter, along with the company, into a joint and several contract with the federal government to carry out the provisions of the agreement, and if either of the parties fails to fulfil its contract, its power falls to the other. But it is pointed out that the city of Los Angeles cannot legally enter into a joint and several contract with a private company, and that if it undertakes to do so an obliging taxpayer's suit at the appropriate time would oblige the city to default, and thus throw its power into the hands of the company. Fifth, and in some ways most important of all, under the default provision mentioned above the company, it will be observed, is given every motive during the entire fifty years of the contract to spend in city politics any money necessary to defeat bond issues or any other legislative or administrative measure requisite to the carrying out of the city's contract. No surer means could be found of corrupting the politics of Los Angeles and wrecking its successful municipal light-and-power plant.

Faced by these criticisms, Secretary Wilbur, as we go to press, is reported to have announced a wholly new scheme. The allocations have been changed, and the federal government itself will now construct and equip the power plant, which will be operated by the city and the private company under supervision of a government representative. All users of power will contract directly with the government, and the Federal Power Commission will determine the price of power. It is a hard struggle, but the battle must be fought through to its end if the purpose of Congress, clearly expressed in the Boulder Dam Act, is not to be frustrated by the Executive.

The Ninth Planet

DESPITE the doubts voiced by a few British astronomers, the confirmation by the Harvard Observatory seems to establish definitely that the body discovered at the Lowell Observatory is a major planet. The new planet is the third discovered in historic times, as the other five, being visible to the naked eye, were known to the ancients. The manner of discovery of the new planet is curiously like that of Neptune in 1846. In 1820, when tables were constructed of the motions of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, the motions of Uranus could not be satisfactorily accounted for by existing theory. The vagaries in the observed motion of Uranus were finally attributed to the gravitational pull of an exterior planet, and John Couch Adams, a young English astronomer, and the Frenchman U. J. J. Leverrier almost simultaneously ascertained by intricate mathematical calculations just where the new planet should be looked for and found.

This discovery was one of the great triumphs of the human mind; it was a striking example of the precision reached by the theory of the celestial motions, and it added enormously to the prestige of scientific method. For the discovery of the latest planet emphasizes once more that "science" is not a mere body of verified knowledge; it is also, and more importantly, a method of discovery. The new planet has been found by applying the same methods which revealed Neptune. It has been impossible in this instance to know all the perturbations there may be in the orbit of Neptune, for that planet has made little more than one-third of the circuit of its orbit in the eighty-four years since its discovery. But small, still unexplained peculiarities in the motion of Uranus, which has completed nearly two and a half revolutions since its discovery, led the late Percival Lowell and others to make observations and calculations based on the possibility that this motion was being influenced by another planet in addition to Neptune. In 1914 Mr. Lowell calculated in a memoir the probable orbit of such a planet. Its dramatic discovery on January 21 of this year, when a photographer at Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona, came upon a tiny spot on one of his plates, marked the culmination of a masterly piece of detective work.

All that remains is further data and an appropriate name. "Percival," for Professor Lowell, would be deplorable, and "Cronos," suggested by Professor Shapley, lacks beauty. "Minerva" has everything that euphony could desire, with the added advantage of giving the goddesses a little more recognition than they have hitherto been accorded in planetary names. But whatever the name adopted for the new planet, we welcome it to the solar system. New and larger telescopes had assured us that we should increase our acquaintance with the stars, but a new planet is an unexpected pleasure. Its discovery, we are told, may even be followed by that of one or two others. Nor is the newcomer, as pessimists may suppose, merely another place where something is going wrong. It appears to be unusually decorous. "I have been informed from Lowell Observatory," remarks Dr. Shapley, "that their continued observations of the new planet show that it is behaving the way a trans-Neptunian planet should behave."

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

"UGH!" says the genius. "Why, the man is just a hack!" Accordingly, "ugh!" and "hack" get tossed about quite frequently because everybody who is not a genius right at this moment intends to qualify by tomorrow afternoon if he happens to get the time. The results are unfortunate. An honest label and a useful trade have come into disrepute. Always there is much commotion about the genius who consents to be a hack. This is called "artistic prostitution" and is generally identified with the sin against the Holy Ghost. I will agree that it is generally a pity for God's gifted to waste their time upon pot-boilers and best sellers, though I must admit that sometimes genius manages to be quite charming when casual and commercial.

But after all, the sins of genius, although important, can never be numerous. I mean that even when a liberal allowance of transgressions is permitted to each genius the sum total of sinning will hardly bulk up into a crime wave. Even in America the supply of authentic masters is not terrific. According to the last official census, there were only two geniuses in the whole State of Texas and but one in Nevada, who has since died without progeny.

The tragedy of the hack, then, is inevitably a more common occurrence in the daily life of us all. He has his tragedy. The genius turning hack is a rare spectacle, but on every hand we see the heartrending phenomenon of the hack consenting to turn genius. Naturally he never achieves the goal he has set for himself and the effort quite ruins him for his ordinary and useful occupation. The world can live, in sorrow of course, but still live without geniuses. But without hacks we can't go on at all. Somebody must hew the wood and draw the water. Hacks serve as footstools and stepping-stones for the aristocracy of high talent. Helotry there must be if genius is to survive. Shakespeare wrote plays in letters of living fire and carried them around to the theater where they were played by hack actors. Suppose the Globe (correct me if I'm wrong) had been stocked wholly with players each certain of his own personal dedication and inspiration! In such a case "Hamlet" might never have been played, nor yet "Othello." The gentleman of genius assigned to the role might conceivably have said: "Oh no! The part is not for me. It stifles my personality." And consider his fellow in greatness upon first reading the part of the Moor. "Me in burnt cork!" he might well have exclaimed. "Does this Shakespeare fellow think I'm Jolson?" And the poor bard would without doubt have been sent about his business.

And around every great painter from the beginning of time there was necessarily an attendant following of hacks. Somebody had to clean the brushes and do the dirty work. Always there must be one to play the concerto and another to turn the music. An orchestra, even a jazz one, is none too well off when the trap drummer is seized with delusions of grandeur. Perhaps the argument may be advanced that genius can humble itself in minor roles and do the hard and useful work of the world until such time as opportunity comes. It can't. Arrogance is the mark of true genius. And a little more arrogance is the mark of the pretender. When a man or woman is seized with the idea that he's a genius, he becomes useful in nothing but his niche—if there. The general assumption is that experimental theaters, radical magazines, and modern music societies go to pot because there is not enough talent to go round. That's a mistake. Such organizations perish through a dearth of hacks. The place is always cluttered up with geniuses and there is nobody to answer the telephone.

From full-page advertisements throughout the country thunders the admonition that each one of us must be up and on his way to far Olympus. You do not play or sing or draw comic cartoons? Very well, you may learn by mail and become, if not a brother, at least first cousin to Beethoven or Rembrandt. Even the art of conversation has been made obligatory. Oh the pity of it! In days of old there used to be at every party one pleasant guest who took no part in the conversation. He was a genial fellow and because he knew himself for a social hack it was his custom to sit a little apart and mix the drinks. Now each one must mix his own. Every guest at every party is a lion.

The genial pleasant hack is not that way any longer. He's read the Five Foot Shelf and will insist on giving you the date of Emerson's birth together with extracts from his more important essays. He speaks French and plays the piano according to expeditious methods. *"Allez,"* he says and sits down to warm up Chopin. In the middle of a selection he may pause, his attention attracted by some chance remark, and say with severity: "Why no, madam, you are wrong; it was not Poe but Walt Whitman whose line you have just been quoting. He wrote it in the late spring of sixty-five."

In halcyon days all journalists were hacks and unashamed. Indeed "journalist" was practically a synonym for "hack." And, being hacks, the boys and girls worked hard and dug for news. They often found out who it was who committed the murder several days before the police had heard that anyone was injured. If the day's assignment was to type the weather reports, that was all right, too. Copy readers were accepted as friends and comrades by the writing men. There was no feeling that any great damage had been done to English literature if several paragraphs came out of the lead and a little more was snipped off at the end. Today there is a scene whenever the blue pencil rises. The man who wrote the story is no longer a reporter—he's Theodore Dreiser serving a brief apprenticeship before proceeding to occupy a place among the planets.

And, after all, just what does it matter as to the form in which the copy goes upstairs to the composing room? It will be jumbled there because the linotyper is serving as a printer at night in order to complete his course at the Art Students' League. "And how is your second act?" says the foreman of the press room. "Some little trouble with the peripetia and the motivation of Blanche in the bedroom scene," replies his assistant. And in the city room the hacks put on their coats and go home to finish that novel. They too belong among the geniuses.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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A New Deal for the Red Man

By RUBY A. BLACK

Washington, March 18

THE forces fighting for reform in Indian affairs have gone through their first major struggle and have come out only partly victorious against a formidable and stubborn foe. Their adversary—and in fairness it must be said that he fought only part of their program—was Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan, chairman of the subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations which handles the appropriations for the Department of the Interior. The gentleman from Michigan, who since 1921 has practically controlled Indian administration, is responsible for cutting down the appropriations asked by President Hoover to stop the slow starvation of Indian children in government boarding-schools. Fortunately the Senate, backed by public opinion, forced him in the end to allow twice as much money for food as he at first approved.

It is something to have won any concession from this wilful and frequently obdurate man. He announced as soon as the question was made public that he would not "allow himself to be stampeded by any talk of starving Indian children." There are no starving Indian children in the Indian boarding-schools, he says, unless it is those who "have just come in from the sticks." This contradicts the report made by the group appointed by President Hoover to study the question, who reported that the children may continue to live on their present diet, but are unable to resist disease.

Chronologically, the story of the battle for food and clothing is as follows: Experts made a study of the proper diet needed for Indian children. They found that an adequate diet would cost 39.1 cents a day for each child, as against 20 cents a day provided in 1929, the last year of the Burke-Meritt regime. The Bureau of Indian Affairs estimated that its purchasing and warehouse facilities would allow the proper standard to be bought for 37.8 cents a day. Commissioner C. J. Rhoads and Assistant Commissioner J. Henry Scattergood asked the Bureau of the Budget to approve estimates which would allow this standard to be attained in the fiscal year 1931. The bureau refused to do so.

The Indian commissioners then took the question back to the Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, and the three decided that the project of feeding Indian children properly was sufficiently important to be placed directly before the President. At the same time they determined to ask for appropriations which would bring the annual allotment for clothing in the Indian schools to $42 per capita instead of the 1929 figure of $22. President Hoover promptly directed the Bureau of the Budget to approve these estimates, and further suggested that the new standards be put into effect immediately. Accordingly, in December he sent to Congress a request for a deficiency appropriation of $1,100,000 for food and clothing and $400,000 for health work during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930.

When Commissioner Rhoads and Assistant Commissioner Scattergood appeared before the appropriations committee of the House of Representatives to justify this request, Representative Cramton refused to allow the full allotments for food and clothing on the ground that so much of the fiscal year 1930 had passed that the money could not all be used. He therefore required that the allotments be shifted so that $585,000 would go for equipment, furniture, and live stock; $300,000 for an enlarged program of study requiring additional personnel; $30,000 for additional clothing; $50,000 for noonday lunches in day schools; $40,000 for subsistence of pupils retained in boarding-schools during the summer; and $95,000 additional for subsistence in boarding-schools in the fiscal year 1931. President Hoover had asked for $555,156 for food, $14,000 for day-school lunches, $40,000 for summer subsistence, $252,000 for clothing, $189,000 for additional personnel, and $63,000 for equipment, the rest to go for miscellaneous items mainly connected with health and education.

Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood submitted to Representative Cramton's demands, and the bill was passed by the House of Representatives without any notice of the Michigan Congressman's diversion of the items. His purpose in asking the changes, he said, was to allow the schools to buy electric dish-washing machines, laundry equipment, and such labor-saving devices, and to hire operators for them, thus releasing the Indian children from part of the half-day of labor which they now perform, and allowing the employment of teachers to give the children a full day's instruction instead of only a half-day's. This is a wholly admirable aim, but it would seem that the Indian children would scarcely be able to take the proper advantage of their half-day of leisure or study if they are undernourished.

The American Indian Defense Association made the whole situation public on February 27 at a hearing before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. It was very discouraging at that time to see Messrs. Rhoads and Scattergood defending the action of Representative Cramton and praising the House committee for its desire to cooperate in aiding the Indians. On March 8, however, when Rhoads and Scattergood appeared before the Senate Committee on Appropriations, they reversed their stand of February 27 and reiterated their original requests for food and clothing. The Senate committee reported amendments to the bill allocating the $1,100,000 as follows: $480,000 for additional subsistence; $40,000 for summer-school subsistence; $50,000 for noonday lunches in day schools; $30,000 for clothing; $150,000 for additional personnel; $350,000 for equipment, furniture, and live stock. This allocation, while taking care of the food needs, would have hampered somewhat the program for reducing child labor in the schools and would scarcely have touched the clothing problem.

On March 10 the Senate adopted amendments, proposed by Senator Hayden of Arizona, which without reducing the food appropriation increased the clothing appropriation to $200,000 and the personnel appropriation to $250,000, a total increase of $270,000. Of course, all these funds are in addition to the regular appropriation already made for the year. According to Assistant Commissioner Scattergood, this would allow the bureau to carry out its plan for 37.8 cents

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a day for food from the date the money should be available to the end of the fiscal year 1931, but it would bring the clothing allotment to only about $31 a year for each child instead of $42, as he and Rhoads had wished. The slight reduction from the House allocation in personnel appropriation and the larger reduction in equipment would not, he felt, hamper greatly the program for reducing child labor. Besides, the provision of proper food had priority, he believed.

The bill then went to conference, the conference committee consisting of Senators Wesley L. Jones of Washington, Frederick Hale of Maine, Lawrence C. Phipps of Colorado—the same Phipps who said in the Senate-committee hearings that Indian children need not be taught beyond the sixth grade, anyhow—Carter Glass of Virginia, and Lee S. Overman of North Carolina, and Representatives William R. Wood of Indiana, Cramton, Edward H. Wason of New Hampshire, Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee, and James P. Buchanan of Texas. These conferees, after about forty-five minutes of discussion, agreed to cut out entirely the $270,000 increase granted by the Senate, and to reallocate the $1,100,000 as follows: additional food, $195,000; summer-school food, $40,000; noonday lunches in day schools, $50,000; clothing, $50,000; additional personnel for enlarged program of study, $200,000; equipment, $175,000; furniture, $240,000; live stock, $150,000. Both Houses agreed to the conference report without discussion of the Indian question, and Senator McMaster was later jockeyed out of his motion to reconsider these items.

This allocation provides $360,156 less than President Hoover requested for food, but $100,000 more than Representative Cramton first allowed. It allows three and one-half times as much as the President requested for day-school lunches. The allotment for additional personnel is $11,000 more than he asked, but $100,000 less than Representative Cramton first allowed. The allowance for equipment, furniture, and live stock is $20,000 less than Representative Cramton first insisted upon, but $502,000 more than President Hoover asked for these "permanent utilities" which are so dear to Representative Cramton's heart.

All these things are seriously needed by the Indian schools, but providing them now means that raising the food standard up to what was established as the minimum need for good nourishment must wait until the fiscal year 1932—unless Representative Cramton has a change of heart. Bureau officials said this lay-out would make possible the expenditure of about 28 cents a day for each child up to July 1 this year, and about 35 to 36 cents a day during the year beginning July 1. Thus the Indian children will get more to eat than they have had for years. Figuring on a different basis, John Collier, of the American Indian Defense Association, estimates that the allocations made by the conference committee would permit the Hoover food standard to be put into effect for 47 of the remaining 80 days of this fiscal year and would allow only 32.78 cents a day per child during the fiscal year 1931, even taking the most optimistic view of the money available for food.

So far, President Hoover has not been heard from in the storm which followed Representative Cramton's rejection of his request. Neither has Secretary Wilbur, although on November 19 he told the House appropriations committee that "our sharpest obligation, particularly if we are going to try to get the Indian children really to take care of themselves, is to give them enough to eat and get enough clothes for them to wear and give them reasonable health protection."

The enormity of postponing even for a day the proposed increase in the food allowance is revealed all the more strikingly when one notes that the allowances for food and clothing in 1929 bought much less than even the 1914 allowances. The United States Public Health Service reported in 1915, after a two-year study, that it was marvelous that the Indian children did not suffer more from tuberculosis than they did, in view of the food provided for them. Assistant Commissioner Scattergood showed, on the basis of the purchasing power of the 1914 dollar, that only $23.52 worth of food was bought for each child in 1929, as compared with $38.52 in 1914; that only $13 worth of clothes was bought in 1929 as compared with $21.81 in 1914; fuel expenditures were in 1929 equivalent to $14.95 on the 1914 basis as against $17.42 in 1914; while salaries of the Indian Bureau employees in the schools in 1929 were equivalent to $69.97 per child on the 1914 basis as compared with $75.37 in 1914.

Even the actual per capita expenditures for food and clothing in 1929, before Rhoads and Scattergood came into office, were lower than in 1914—namely, $36.64 for food in 1929 as against $38.52 in 1914, and $21.04 for clothing in 1929 as against $21.81 in 1914—while actual expenditures for salaries for Indian-school employees increased from $75.37 per child in 1914 to $119.86 in 1929. All estimates of food costs include the value of milk and produce raised on the school farms. Thus the 1929 food values were only 61.1 per cent of the 1914 values, and the 1929 values for clothing were only 59.6 per cent of the 1914 values, while the salaries were 92.8 per cent of the 1914 salaries and the fuel values were 85.9 per cent of the 1914 values.

The allotments for food began to drop in 1921. That was the year in which Representative Cramton became chairman of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations which passes upon appropriations for the Department of the Interior. He says that it is a lie to say that he has reduced the food appropriations. Congress, he explains, merely appropriates for maintenance of the schools, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs decides how to allocate the funds. But since Representative Cramton warmly praised the former commissioner and assistant commissioner, Charles H. Burke and Edgar B. Meritt, and in November placed in the record of the appropriations-committee hearings a defense, signed by Meritt, of conditions in Indian schools, he cannot with fairness be said to have disapproved of the allotments made by the bureau during those nine years. Certainly, Cramton, Burke, and Meritt understood one another and worked together. Indeed, Representative Cramton is willing to boast that he has had much to do with framing Indian policy during these years and points with pride to increased appropriations for Indian administration. He controls the purse strings of the bureau and exercises the power this confers upon him. It is true, however, that President Hoover is the head of the Republican Party and is responsible for carrying out the new Indian policy he advocated when he appointed the Quaker business men and philanthropists, Rhoads and Scattergood, as trustees of the property and welfare of the Indians. In this capacity, the President should be able at any moment to prevent any stubborn and domineering person, inside or outside the bureau, from crippling the plans made at his direction by Rhoads and Scattergood. That the

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President did not choose to exercise his power seems to be indicated by the fate of the Senate amendments providing food and clothing.

Those intimate with the workings of the Bureau of Indian Affairs say that Representative Cramton interferes with matters of personnel in the bureau. It is true that Rhoads and Scattergood have not "cleaned out" the bureau, as was heartily desired by friends of the Indian. Practically no changes have been made. The director of Indian education, for example, is the same man who on November 22, shortly before President Hoover asked that food standards be immediately raised, told the committee: "We do not subscribe to the allegation that pupils in our schools are in a starving condition," and who, if Representative Cramton is right, is directly responsible for allocations of lump sums appropriated in recent years for Indian schools. Rhoads and Scattergood are kindly and trusting men who believe that anybody can be redeemed. They are seeking to reform the bureau by converting rather than discharging those identified with the old policy. It is a dangerous although generous procedure. Judas remained among the apostles because Christ was like that. Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood have also permitted Representative Cramton to override the announced policy of Secretary Wilbur to transfer Indian irrigation and reclamation projects to the Bureau of Reclamation. They have allowed the Congressman to revive debt-laden projects and sink further money in them, the funds appropriated for such projects amounting to $1,000,000, or one-third of the boasted increase in appropriations and equivalent to the increase asked for food and clothing.

In other matters, Rhoads and Scattergood are proceeding steadily and admirably. Results are naturally slow, because, as Commissioner Rhoads said on December 11 in letters to the chairmen of the two Congressional committees on Indian Affairs, they found themselves in "a wilderness of past misadventures" when they took charge of the bureau last May. Much must be done by legislation, and the Senate and House committees on Indian Affairs will be found to be sympathetic. To settle the old claims of the various Indian tribes against the government, which have in some cases demoralized the Indians into thinking they need not work today because they may get a fortune from Uncle Sam tomorrow, Rhoads and Scattergood are seeking the establishment of a court of Indian claims. When the details are ready, Congress will probably expedite the measure. To prevent the dissipation of income-bearing funds, they are asking that Congress make it possible for Indians to establish trust estates. This measure appeals to Rhoads and Scattergood because it may take from the Bureau of Indian Affairs some of the complicated and burdensome work of looking after those funds and preventing designing persons from stealing them from the Indians. The new commissioners would, of course, prefer to concentrate on health, education, the development of Indian leaders, and the advancement of the Indian toward independence of government restriction, but they have to spend most of their time protecting property.

To prevent the dissipation of allotted lands and the consequent homelessness and landlessness of the children of Indians whose allotments have been so dissipated, they have tentatively suggested that allotted lands revert to the tribal estate to be reallotted when conditions warrant it. They are convinced that the entire allotment system must be revised by legislation. To enable the Indians to become independent of the bureau without losing their property, Rhoads and Scattergood are inclined to favor steps to incorporate Indian tribes for the handling of the property, an advisory board to be created in each case in addition to the Indian board of directors. The advisory group would, under the bill being considered, consist of three members, one appointed by the President, one by the federal district judge, and one by the tribal stockholders.

They know that these ideas are not panaceas and they are proceeding warily. They remember that the allotment of Indian lands was designed to make the Indian independent, and they have not forgotten that indiscreet allotments of lands resulted in conflicts with State and local governments over taxes and the impoverishment of many Indians who did not have the property sense of the capitalistic white man with whom they had to deal. Solution of the shameful matter of "reimbursable charges," which amount to $40,549,686, probably involves action by the courts and by the Congress. There is hope that a test may be made in the courts of the validity of the acts of Congress charging Indians for expensive bridges and irrigation projects of value chiefly to white settlers in their vicinity. Allotted land held under government trust is now burdened with liens of more than $25,000,000. In some cases, the government is thus in the curious position of holding mortgages on property probably in excess of the value of the property. The House Committee on Indian Affairs has just reported favorably a bill directing an investigation of the whole question with a view to scaling down or wiping out such of these "debts" as are found to be illegal or unjust.

As yet the commissioners have made no progress toward providing vocational education for Indian boys and girls. They have given notice that they will ask for a supplemental appropriation for this purpose during the fiscal year 1931, beginning July 1, 1930, including equipment for print- and machine-shops and for agricultural directors. They have the idea that the Indian is particularly suited for skilled mechanical work, not necessarily high-speed factory work. They are placing upon district superintendents the duty of helping to find jobs for Indian boys and girls who do not wish to return to the reservation when they leave school. They are seeking a basis for advising the individual Indian how to make a living in competition with the white man.

There is no doubt whatever that Rhoads and Scattergood will administer honestly and as greatly to the advantage of the Indians as possible the red man's resources of power, timber, oil, minerals, and lands. A policy on water power is to be made public soon, it is indicated. Their big job is to find a way to clear out "the wilderness of past misadventures," compensate for the injustices of the past, clear up chaotic legislation, and combat the residue of the "old policy." It is a long, hard job.

It is indeed fortunate that the first issue raised in their struggle to bring the bureau out of the morass was one which drew the support of people everywhere—the starvation of Indian children. Even though they did not win a full victory, the public support they received in this fight may strengthen them against the temptation to waver, even temporarily, when more complex and less human and comprehensible issues arise. They must refuse to yield to such temptations if the "new Indian policy" is not to be abandoned.

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Arthur James Balfour

By LORD PONSONBY

THE Earl of Balfour, or, as he was better known, Arthur Balfour, whose death at the age of eighty-one was announced on March 19, was the last of a type of leader in British politics which the rise of democracy in the second quarter of the twentieth century seems to have swept aside—the last aristocrat to be Prime Minister, the last aristocrat indeed to be leader of the Conservative Party. His mother, Lady Blanche Cecil, was Lord Salisbury's sister, so he belonged to the Cecil clan and had Cecil characteristics. His brilliance and subtlety of mind were recognized early. He mastered the technique of the House of Commons by watching it in silence for a couple of years after his first election in 1874, when he was returned as member for Hertford. He gained experience in the art of parliamentary sharp-shooting when with Lord Randolph Churchill and Drummond Wolff he formed the little band of relentless critics which came to be known as the "Fourth Party." His rise on the ladder of promotion was assured. After holding office in the Local Government Board, the Scottish Office, and as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he became leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons in 1891, and after eleven years, only three of which were spent in opposition, he succeeded his uncle, Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister in 1902. Three years later his administration fell, and on the formation of the Liberal Government with its huge majority he led his party in opposition until he was superseded in 1913. During the war he served as First Lord of the Admiralty, Foreign Secretary, and Lord President of the Council, became one of the very select few who received the Order of Merit, and was created an Earl in 1922.

This is only the bare outline of his career of public service. When one comes to read the impressive list of this statesman's offices, from the days of his assistant private secretaryship to his uncle to the day when full of age and honor he was made a Knight of the Garter and an Earl, one might conceive the idea that he must have been the biggest figure in British politics in the last half-century. But he was not. While his success was undoubtedly due to his own conspicuous merits, his failure—failure in achievement, failure to impress his personality on his fellow-countrymen—was due to his equally conspicuous defects.

His dialectical skill was unrivaled, his originality of thought was captivating, his indifference to applause was attractive. As he stood up in the House of Commons, never with any preparation, thinking aloud in halting tones with no high flights of eloquence, he could arrest attention more completely by what was known as his "elevated conversation" than the trained rhetorician could by eloquence and oratory. When he returned to an intensely hostile House in 1906 after his defeat at the polls, the uproarious Liberal majority howled him down. But he mildly assured an indignant colleague who was anxious to protest that it would be all right in a week or two; and sure enough a fortnight later the same hostile mass of opponents was listening to him with rapt attention. He could fence with deadly thrusts, his banter was in the highest degree entertaining, and his sarcasm had a deadly sting. Only when he lost his temper did he lose his balance and miss his mark. On the platform he was never a success. The cheers which greeted him as he rose to speak were often vociferous. The cheers which followed as he resumed his seat were always meager. He felt he was wasting himself on the common herd. They knew his feeling, and frequently they could not follow the workings of his oversubtle mind nor grasp any policy for which he stood. They understood Joseph Chamberlain, who had not half his intellect but spoke in their own language. They expected a lead from Balfour, but they never got it. They hoped for a message, but he could not give it. King Edward was shy of Balfour because of inability to understand him. Thinking Balfour "very clever" he suspected that the latter thought him stupid. His Majesty, like his people, rather resented that and was greatly relieved when the time came for him to deal with a plain man like Campbell-Bannerman.

At last in 1913 his party came to recognize that Balfour's leadership was fatal to their fortunes. His curious lack of judgment and foresight in clinging to office in 1904-5 contributed largely to the hopeless defeat of his party in the subsequent election; and in opposition he had no power to rally his supporters or inspire them with new hopes.

His rivals and successors were all men of very different caliber. He found Campbell-Bannerman, for whom he had never hesitated to express his contempt, the supreme and dearly beloved leader of a vast triumphant party. He would regard him night after night with a puzzled expression of amazement, which one day turned to indignation when, after one of Balfour's favorite exhibitions of dialectic juggling, C.-B. brushed him aside with "Enough of this fooling; let us get on with the business," and the House roared approval. Similarly, when Balfour opposed the Liberal Prime Minister's gift of self-government to South Africa, they loudly applauded C.-B.'s single sentence which condemned him as a mischief-maker. For so clever a man, Balfour's lack of statesmanship in the larger political issues was amazing.

No aristocrat was ever to follow him in Downing Street. Asquith was his friend and his equal intellectually, but terse in expression and more human. Nevertheless, the friendship of the two men who would sometimes dine together before fulminating against one another in debate had no good effect on either of their parties, which regarded politics seriously as a clash of fundamental principles and outlook—not as a mere intellectual disputation and therefore somewhat of a sham fight. Some may wonder whether the Balfourian influence in trusting to the skill of brain power and disregarding the driving convictions of heart and soul had not a good deal to do with the compromising attitude and loss of hold over his followers on Asquith's part which became so apparent toward the end of that statesman's career. Lloyd George, curiously enough, Balfour admired. Detecting, as he thought, an illusive genius and power of leadership which attracted him, he forgave the magnetic Welshman his ignorance. Bonar Law, who took his own place as leader of the Tory Party, Balfour considered a man of little account,

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and he was utterly mystified that Baldwin, a humble man who had never arrested his attention for a single moment, should actually be chosen as leader of his party. Balfour was quite unable to master the fact that character in the long run tells more than brains. His standard was intellectual, and he had a fastidious dislike of what he judged crude or common. Epigrammatic brilliance interested him; ill-expressed sincerity bored him.

After he was dethroned he kept away from Parliament, but when the war came and the Coalition was formed he was ready to put his services at the disposal of the government in a subordinate position, for he had a high sense of public duty. He greatly fancied himself as a military strategist, but he was not a man who could make swift decisions, and the course which clear conviction could make plain was blurred for him by hesitant doubts. He was interested in the war, again from an intellectual point of view, but of course never penetrated beneath the surface to examine its inner meaning or to discover the tragedy not of its barbarity but of its calamitous futility. In the hideous tangle of the peace negotiations, his want of directness and his inability to recognize the great fundamental principles upon which alone recovery could proceed undoubtedly increased the misunderstandings which produced friction among the Allies. If President Wilson was misled Balfour was largely responsible for it. The cross-purposes and confusion of the Peace Conference amused him. "We seem," he said one day in an aside to his neighbor at the council table, "we seem to be occupied in presenting places we have never seen to people we have never heard of."

Disraeli remarked when he first noticed Balfour in the House of Commons in early days that he could not believe in a man who sat on his shoulder-blades. His physical postures were indeed indicative of his moral attitude.

A. J. B. would lounge back with a look of ineffable boredom, but the position of his body and the expression of his face were often an excellent index of the abilities of the M. P. who happened to be addressing the House at the moment. Generally his eyes were shut and he appeared to be taking little notice; occasionally he would adjust his pince-nez and listen, and on rare occasions he would sit up and watch the speaker with careful attention. In this connection his judgment was sound, and it is interesting to remember that he invariably paid the compliment of careful attention when Ramsay MacDonald, the present Prime Minister, addressed the House. Balfour loved the House of Commons; he enjoyed the conflict of keen debate because of his own admirable equipment. But he never seemed to see beyond the fray of words. He was impatient of any moral argument and had a contemptuous disregard for humanitarian sentiments. He was aloof from the life of the common people. His associates were the "Souls," a band of aristocratic intellectuals in the sun of whose appreciation he loved to bask. His apparent indolence, however, was a pose, for there were subjects about which he cared deeply. He may have been right in his distrust of emotion, but he was wrong in his contempt for sentiment. His dislike of publicity and utter disregard of press criticism were greatly to his credit. One spark of political idealism might have given illumination and purpose to his great talents.

Did he understand democracy? It is very doubtful. He seemed rather vaguely aware that a different type of man was forcing his way into Parliament. He resented them. He regarded them individually and did not see that they were symptomatic of a great change that would grow with surprising rapidity even in his lifetime. The movement in the country against privilege and in favor of better conditions and social justice undoubtedly made him apprehensive; and his greatest vigor as a political fighter was always displayed in defense of the old order. No one could find more ingenious arguments, no one on the spur of the moment could more dexterously open a new line of attack; but it would always be *against* a cause, more especially if that cause grew out of moral indignation. His outstanding powers in fact were crippled by a certain innate cynicism, so that he invariably chilled the warmth of blundering enthusiasm.

Politically speaking he cannot occur again. That mold has been broken; not that he was one of a pattern, for he was very individual and there has been no one quite like him. The aristocrats have thrown up the sponge and with very few exceptions have retired into a backwater. They are reluctant to compete with the commercials and the plutocrats. They have lost their old undisputed authority and with it, curiously enough, to a large degree they have lost their old distinction. Balfour, if not a great man, was a very distinguished one.

Just as in politics with all his gifts he somehow failed to grip the popular imagination or command that deeper respect among his colleagues or opponents which far humbler figures have somehow managed to gain, so in philosophy he was no more than an attractive amateur. His "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" and "Foundations of Belief," the best-known of his books, brought him in close contact with the best minds of his day, who thought it interesting that an active politician could dabble so intelligently in philosophy. But on these books as on his other works on the shelf the dust is already fast accumulating, while Dizzy's novels are going into new editions.

He was a great appreciator of art and music—he sought the best and found it. His culture and enlightenment were his great assets. We are proud in England, and rightly so, that our statesmen should recognize the supreme value of these intangible and imponderable elements without which politics, as we have reason to know, become materialistic and slip quickly into being sordid. It certainly was not fineness of mind but infirmity of purpose which prevented him from ranking high in our hierarchy of statesmen. He sat on his shoulder-blades morally, and on occasions he came dangerously near to being condemned as a political trifler.

The Balfour land policy for Ireland, the Balfour note with its scheme of debts and reparations, the Balfour policy for the settlement of Jews in Palestine are not achievements of sufficient magnitude long to be remembered. While many friends and associates will remember with affection as long as they live the charm of his attractive personality, no home in Britain as time passes will be able to register or recollect how this prominent statesman contributed to the well-being of their land by his action or added to their own hopes for the future by his sympathy. Neither in the field of industrial and economic politics, nor in connection with progressive measures of social welfare, nor in the serious constitutional problems which occurred in his time, nor yet in relation to the complexities of international relations, will any attainment of lasting value be placed by historians to the credit of Arthur James, Earl of Balfour.

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Divorce—and After*

TWO PERSONAL NARRATIVES

V. Divorce with Arbitration

I HAVE been divorced for only a year. For that reason my conclusions as to the benefits or injuries of divorce must be regarded as merely tentative. Our marriage had a formal duration of six years, but during its last two years the arrangement was one of separation by mutual consent. My first conclusion is that the past twelve months of divorce have been a period of far more calm and happiness for my ex-wife, our one child, and myself than those twenty-four months of separation that preceded the divorce. I attribute the comparative peacefulness of the past year not to the fact that my wife and I were divorced, but to the fact that we got a divorce with arbitration.

Since my wife has independent means, the only question for argument in the divorce proceedings was the matter of the custody of our six-year-old child. Declaring that she considered me too irresponsible to be intrusted with any share of this custody my wife sought the complete custody of our son. I was determined to have custody at least to the extent of an equal right to determine matters relating to his health, education, and future—although I was quite willing he should spend the major part of every year with his mother.

For two years I tried to gain this point without divorce. Lawyer after lawyer told me it could not be done. "The marriage status is so nebulous that the only way to end this quarreling over your son and have the matter of his custody definitely determined is to get a divorce." This, in substance, was what I was told by the men of law.

Finally, my wife went to Reno. There she got a divorce on terms suitable to me. Briefly they are these: The custody of our son is considered as shared equally between my ex-wife and me, that is, we have equal power in determining how he shall be brought up, although he actually lives ten months of the year with her and two with me (two summer months). During the ten months that he is with her he visits me every other week-end, from Friday afternoon to Sunday afternoon. This equal division of authority would probably have led to a continuance of quarreling had not my wife's lawyer and my own attorney arranged in the separation agreement for the appointment of an arbitrator to settle whatever differences might arise between us. This arbitrator was to be a neutral, selected by the two lawyers, but at my suggestion the person actually chosen for this job was a relative of my wife's, a man older than either of us, who knows us both well and in whose judgment and ability to be impartial we both have great confidence.

So far this arrangement has worked beautifully. Any threatened disagreement about Ted (our son), which would once have brought about a furious clash accompanied by recriminations covering the whole term of our marriage, is automatically submitted to Jim (the arbitrator). So far Jim's decisions have pleased both my ex-wife and me, and Jim himself seems rather to enjoy his curious duties.

As to the effect of divorce on my son, that is a matter which time alone can determine. I think he is better off than he would have been as a continual spectator of a marriage-with-bickering, but of course I cannot know. At first under the new arrangement he was a good bit upset by the transferences from his mother's house to mine and back again. There were some pretty trying scenes when he was forced to part with one parent to visit the other, and more than once he said emphatically: "I wish you two people would live together." But he seems to be getting used to the situation, and for several months now there have been no tears at leave-takings. The fact that his parents are becoming much more amicable on such occasions as they have to meet is, of course, making the situation easier for him to bear.

Soon after the divorce his mother married again. Ted likes his stepfather and his stepfather seems to like him, and that is all to the good. Of course, Ted does not know yet what marriage is. When, to test him out, I said the other day: "Ted, I think I'll get married again," he replied: "That's all right; that will be all right with me, Daddy." And just after his mother's marriage he said to me: "Daddy, why don't you get married, but not to anyone in particular."

So far as I can see, if there is anything which other persons contemplating or practicing marriage or divorce might learn from my case it is the value of disinterested arbitration, which ought to be available in marriage as well as in divorce.

VI. A Child of Divorce

MY parents were divorced when I was four years old. Both remarried within four years, and until I was twenty-one my home alternated between them. I am now twenty-eight years old. I am impelled to write this account because it seems to me that much of the literature on divorce has been based on surmise and sentiment, and very little on fact.

For about three years after the divorce I lived with my mother. Apparently I had skipped the "Mother, where is Daddy?" stage, and took it for granted that one lived with one's mother and saw one's father every few months. He was a cold man, who took me upon his knee, said a few things which meant nothing to a child, and then went away. I had noticed that the fathers of other children lived with them, but I never missed my father. Since he was always rather impersonal, he created a tension when I saw him, and it was something of a relief when he kissed me and went away. When I was seven my mother explained that Daddy wanted me to stay with him for a while. I rebelled, cried, and even screamed, but I went with him to his home in a city about forty miles away. In his home I found a woman about the age of my mother, who seemed friendly, but who could not understand my homesickness. I spent two months there,

* These articles are the fifth and sixth of a series on divorce. A seventh will appear shortly.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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rather miserably, and was then taken back again to my mother.

I returned to find that my mother also had a companion, whom I was told to call Uncle. He was rather cold, but kind when occasion demanded, and my joy at being again with my mother almost obliterated the feeling of novelty at having a man in the house. Sometime during the following year my mother gave birth to a child, and when she had regained her strength she and my stepfather decided to move to a city about a thousand miles away. My father came to visit me and say goodby. As usual I was glad to see him go. We moved, and for two years I didn't see him, although occasionally I received a typewritten letter which inquired into the state of my health and gave the state of his.

When I was ten I was informed that I was to live with my father "for a while." Again I rebelled, but again I went. I lived with him for two years. These years were quite miserable; he had had two children by his second wife, who resented my presence in the family; her treatment of me infuriated my father and there were many quarrels. I was anxious to be sent back to my mother, but my father apparently thought that I needed a man's care. At the end of the two years, however, he surrendered and sent me back. I traveled alone, and probably the happiest moment of my life came when I ran up the stairs of the depot and found my mother waiting for me. I continued to live with my mother until I was sixteen. My relations with her husband were not particularly pleasant, but compared to my experience with my father's wife, they were quite all right. When I was sixteen we moved back to the city from which we had originally come, and thereafter I saw my father about three or four times a year. When I was nineteen, having received the benefit of a high-school education, I went to work.

I have gone rather carefully into the causes of the divorce of my parents. My mother was eighteen when she married, and my father twenty-four. For a year they were happy. But my father, it seems, was inordinately jealous and suspicious. My mother was of a sunny nature, free and open. There were long quarrels. My father accused her of being too friendly with other men. Once she left him and returned to her relatives. She was induced to return to him but within a month there were more quarrels. Shortly before they separated, he accused her of infidelity and struck her to the ground. She took me and left. At the present time my father is wealthy. My mother and her husband are poor. They have the bare necessities of life and little else. Since the divorce my mother's curve of fortune has gone steadily downwards with but few fluctuations. Poor health and poverty have conspired to make her life something of a ghastly joke. Recently I asked my mother if she ever regretted the divorce. "If I could know," she answered, "that your life had not been harmed during childhood, I would say that I have no regrets. For myself I have none. Obviously, I could not live with a man who thought I was unfaithful to him. It is only when I think of you that I have any doubts."

Probably more than the average son, I love my mother. Had she continued to live with my father, bearing his suspicions and his insults, I could not love her now; I could only pity her. My love is in great part admiration for her courage and independence of mind. Before she married her second husband, my father, already on the road to wealth, begged her to return to him. She refused, and married a man earning eighteen dollars a week. I have truthfully told her that I should feel very bitter toward her today if she had lived a life of humiliation with a man she did not love, merely because of me.

I do not wish to fall, as others have done, into the error of generalizing about divorce, but let those who weep over the "child of divorce" remember that that child some day will grow up. If he loves his parents, and can keep from pitying himself, he will accept his childhood with a shrug of the shoulder and be thankful that his parents did not live together in misery in order to provide him with "a good home."

In the Driftway

TO a considerable extent Tampa, Florida, lives in order that America may smoke. The city has risen from the ashes of billions of cigars. A billion is a big number, but Tampa makes half a billion cigars a year, and somebody, somewhere, must smoke them. The industry is an exotic one, transplanted from Havana, and the workers are mostly Cubans or Spaniards or their native sons and daughters. The district known as Ibor City, once a separate municipality, is almost wholly Latin, and in many ways has the appearance of a little Havana. Take a walk through Ibor City on a Saturday night, when the streets are gay and pulsating with life, and you will hear hardly a word in any language except Spanish. But address almost anybody in English and you will get an immediate and fluent reply. Ibor City seems to be as truly bilingual as any spot the Drifter has visited. The street signs are a jumble of Spanish and English, and one inhales an oddly cosmopolitan atmosphere as he follows the laughing, talkative crowds. At a corner one sees a swinging sign on one side of which is the announcement: "Tickets on sale here for Kid Chocolate vs. Benny Hall"; and on the reverse: "Tiquetas de venta aquí para la pelea de Kid Chocolate vs. Benny Hall." On a newsstand one sees cheek by jowl *La Semana, Film Fun,* the *Diario de la Marina,* the *Quick-Trigger Western Magazine* (published in Springfield, Massachusetts), the *Love Story Magazine, La Política Cómica, Photoplay,* and the *Diario Español.*

* * * * *

THROUGH the swinging doors of the Centro Español [Spanish Club] one enters with the crowd. One's ears are filled with fervid, noisy chatter, one's nose is smitten with the odor of countless cigars, and one's eyes take in scores of tables about which sit groups of dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-skinned men playing dominoes or cards or shaking dice for the drinks. Waiters scurry around among the tables bearing bottles and glasses, while from part of the great room comes the click, click, click of billiard balls on a dozen tables. Go outside and walk on through the street. The glaring scarlet fronts of Woolworth and Kress leap out at you, while nearby you encounter the Madrid Hotel, advertising "Cuartos furnidos," the Chicago Bargain House (M. Cohen and Son), and Juan Baamonde, furniture. Across the street, side by side, are the Hub Pool Room, the Tom Lee Laundry, and La America Restaurant. One raises his eyes and they encounter a sign: "Los Dos Hermanos, Barbería y Perfumería—Ladies' Bob, 50c." Inside the shop one espies a notice: "El sábado no se fia (We do not trust on Saturday)."

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OWING perhaps to the Latin tradition among the citizens of Tampa, the city owns an auditorium. It also owns a hotel. The Tampa Bay Hotel was built more than forty years ago by Henry B. Plant. He and Henry M. Flagler were the pioneer builders of Florida. Flagler was interested in the east coast, and finally pushed to completion the dream that many persons thought the pinnacle of folly—a railway along the Atlantic seaboard of the State clear out over the keys to the southernmost point. Plant, on the other hand, undertook to develop Tampa and the west coast. He built the Tampa Bay Hotel after the old model for resort structures. Like the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, it is long and narrow, stretching out in hall after hall, salon after salon, so that it is a quarter-mile walk from one end to the other. Plant used the hotel as a repository for a large amount of the valuable European furniture and bric-a-brac which it was his hobby to collect, and much of it is still there. After Plant's death the city of Tampa bought for a song the hotel and its lovely wooded grounds stretching back to the banks of the Hillsborough River.

* * * * *

WHEN Plant opened the Tampa Bay Hotel he invited Flagler to attend the ceremonies. "Where is Tampa?" Flagler is said to have telegraphed. "Follow the crowd," was Plant's retort. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not a Communist and I never was one. Furthermore, I am not in sympathy with the alleged "red" movement. The aim of this letter is to protest. The action taken by Commissioner Whalen in sending lists of Communists to employers and thereby violating—according to J. McKeen Cattell—Section 19 of the Federal Penal Code is atrocious enough, but to deprive a boy of his high-school education because he has some communistic ideas is worse beyond words. As a steady reader of *The Nation* I am asking you to lead the fight to have Saul Wellman reinstated in the Brooklyn Boys' High School, of which Dr. Eugene A. Colligan is principal.

Brooklyn, March 12 STUDENT

Tabulation Cannot Help

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Morris Ernst ends his article on Children and Property in your issue of February 12 as follows:

> At present each person unhappily mated must learn everything for himself as if he were the first to break away from the family hearth. Somehow, for the benefit of those who have become involved and will continue to become involved in marital difficulties, we must find a way of collecting and organizing for use the enormous accumulating body of experience.

The collection and organization for use of such information would be very humanly interesting. The information might even be valuable. But valuable to whom? Certainly not to particular Marys and Johns in the midst of separating and faced with the immediate problem of division of children and property. The problem of each couple is, and will always be, peculiar to themselves. The experience of others cannot help them. The emotional content of the two, their temperaments, their characters, their common experiences, the nature of their past relations, the particular reason for separation—all these and many other purely personal elements make each particular case sui generis.

In the nature of things, each person unhappily mated *must* learn everything for himself as if he were the first to break away from the family hearth, because he *is* the first to break away from that particular family hearth. Tabulation cannot help him.

New York, February 10 HARRY M. EDELSTEIN

Cheering if True

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to lessen the worries of those who contemplate darning their own socks again, and who may have been misled by Mr. Ernst's references to alimony. It may be a source of great relief to those who wish to prove that married life is "not what it's cracked up to be" to know that once a divorce is granted and the parasite takes up with another "meal ticket," the previous worm is at once, upon application to a court of competent jurisdiction, relieved of "taxation without representation."

I hope my criticism will not be misconstrued and that I will not be regarded as one who glories in wrecking the American home. It is merely that I see no need of scaring people into such fits of delirium that they will let themselves be choked by the bonds of matrimony.

New York, February 17 LEO BLUM

Navies Are Expensive

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to thank you for your article in *The Nation* of March 19, Parity the Enemy. Remembering clearly conditions in the eighties and early nineties, when we had no navy and no one was afraid, I find difficulty in comprehending the wave of terror that swept the country ten years ago and as yet has not receded. Having, according to our own proclamation, "won the war," we found ourselves scared to death. Thereupon we discovered that we must be "prepared." For what we must be prepared no one knew then or knows now, but we were convinced that we must be prepared for something and that the only way to be prepared was to build a navy at least the equal of Great Britain's.

A reversal of national attitude so sudden and so silly necessarily must have back of it at least a bit of substance. This is easy to find. It is essentially the recent and present frame of mind of the Middle West, which dominates the country, that we are going to do what we like in this world and that no one is going to stop us. We are going to send our merchandise whenever we please and wherever we please. We are going to recognize no blockade except the blockades that we maintain. We are going to dominate the earth. This attitude, of course, is intelligible; it is the attitude of imperialism through the ages. It is, of necessity, utterly opposed to peace and certain to cause war.

Our naval preparations in the late nineties, limited though they were, brought enough evil. They had not a little to do with that truculent and shameless aggression of ours known as

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the Spanish-American War. For this we have paid heavily and are likely to pay more. It brought us the Philippines and they, sooner or later, promise to bring us war—war not alone with Japan, but with Japan united with others. Such a war is likely to cost us, in addition to countless loss of life and treasure, the end of our national government as now constituted; perhaps, joined with other active causes, the end of our present union of States.

Navies are expensive.

New York, March 18 HERBERT FORDHAM

Absolutes and Progress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One does not look for logic in an extravaganza such as Mr. Rorty's The Inventor Enters Heaven, but the central idea follows fashion so closely that the effect on one reader at least is not satisfactory. It would seem, after all, that blackness and whiteness are the fundamental tests, only we have been mistaken as to which is which. Are there no cases of arrested development in the orthodox hell?

When I defended the present generation to one of its members he finally conceded: "Well, I suppose, after all, my generation is more honest and sincere than yours was." My answer was: "My generation was addicted to the hypocrisy of virtue but sometimes it seems that yours is seeking the hypocrisy of vice." After all, does not the girl of today use rouge and the lipstick for much the same reason her great grandmother did not?

On Sundays in Boston we have over the radio Catholic truth, Christian Science truth, fundamentalist truth (twice a day), and occasionally one fears that he is listening to modernist truth! If *The Nation's* pluralism were in vogue we should no doubt have a Soviet hour giving us atheistic truth. Fortunately paradoxes occur—in one home Dr. Fosdick is admired but the ladies are High Church, so the seats are arranged for convenience in bowing toward the east, while incense gives the proper atmosphere. It is through such cross-fertilizations of the absolutes that part of our progress comes.

Boston, March 11 FRANK A. MANNY

For Western Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am at present making a speaking tour of the Western States under the auspices of the League for Independent Political Action. For the benefit of *Nation* readers who are interested in the league I give herewith a list of places and dates of my engagements, with the address at which I can be reached in each city. I should be very glad to get in touch with liberal groups.

April 2-3, San Francisco, Stanley Hunter, 2640 College Avenue, Berkeley; April 4, Palo Alto, same address; April 5-8, Los Angeles, General Delivery; April 10, Eugene, Ore., General Delivery; April 11-12, Portland, General Delivery; April 13-15, Seattle, Harry L. Meyer, 5520 Seventeenth Avenue, N.E.; April 16-17, Spokane, J. J. Williams, Pacific Hotel; April 18-19, Missoula, Mont., General Delivery; April 20-21, Helena, General Delivery; April 23, Bismarck, N. D., General Delivery; April 24, Fargo, N. D., General Delivery; April 25-29, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Mrs. H. J. Williams, 3326 Oakland Avenue, Minneapolis; April 30, Iowa City, General Delivery.

Colorado Springs, March 28 HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS

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Books, Drama, Films

Marigold

By ROBERT HUNT

Let the flower be gently shriven
Now the frivolous gold is shed.
Let a mass of winds be said
For the leaf and petal riven
And the stem untenanted.

Let the garden be forgotten
While this creature of the sun
Fadeth fast and is undone,
Whose essential root was rotten,
Flourishing ephemeron.

O the flower was deeply bitten.
Let the stricken pollen be
Lost in larger botany,
That in scent and flame had written
Its deciduous history.

An Apology for the Present

An Argument to Prove that its Abolition may be Attended with Some Inconveniences, and Perhaps not Produce those Many Good Effects Proposed thereby.

IT has been frequently charged by some of the critics of the sect called humanism that its doctrines have no relation whatever to the present time. I have myself hitherto refrained from making this charge, for fear that it might be slightly unjust. Its truth, however, has now been freely confessed from within the humanist order, by that new but surely ardent disciple, Mr. Seward Collins, editor of the *Bookman*. "The humanists," writes Mr. Collins to Mr. Harry Hansen, "do not claim the present. They claim the best literature of the past and the best of the future. The contemporary they will dispose of to American naturalists and aesthetes at a very low figure."

While many will think it a pity to gild this lily, I cannot refrain from raising a question or two about it. It seems unwise, to begin with, to accept anything from the humanists, at however low a figure, without first carefully examining their own title to it. This applies particularly to contemporary literature, of which, many suspect, they own next to nothing. Any title search, too, should go into the question of boundaries. When did the past end, and when does the future begin? Did the past end with Sophocles? Or with Rousseau? Or with W. C. Brownell? Or last Wednesday? Or a few minutes ago? Does the future begin tomorrow, or not till 2030, when we present pigmies shall all be dead? For the present, strictly speaking, is but a moving point in time, without extension; all behind it is the past and all before it the future. One would suspect Mr. Collins of deliberately trying to sell the naturalists a mere infinitesimal point, did not knowledge of his writings assure one that he is too innocent to think of such a thing, and that all attempts, indeed, to give precision to his ideas are resented by him as metaphysical quibbling.

Yet even if we waive these perhaps technical considerations, certain other questions occur. How can the present be so vile, when it is but the child of the brilliant past? And how can we expect anything of the future, when it will be but the child of the miserable present? And why, above all, does the *Bookman*, Mr. Collins's publication, waste its time, month after month, in reviewing contemporary books—all of which are, by definition, worthless?

Mr. Collins and his masters may not credit it, but there are people so benighted as to believe, with Mr. A. N. Whitehead, that "the only use of a knowledge of the past is to equip us for the present. No more deadly harm can be done . . . than by depreciation of the present. The present contains all that there is. It is holy ground; for it is the past, and it is the future." And I have myself sometimes ventured to think that an age that can cradle such important figures as Mr. Irving Babbitt, Mr. Paul Elmer More, Mr. Gorham B. Munson, and Mr. Seward Collins cannot be so unworthy as all four unite in declaring it to be.

But I must concede that Mr. Collins's statement does settle one question. If the humanists are not interested in the present, then there is surely no reason why the present should be interested in the humanists. And with this solution, which is apparently satisfactory all around, why should not the controversy close?

HENRY HAZLITT

England

England. By Wilhelm Dibelius. Translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton, M.P. Harper and Brothers. $5.

IT is a little more than ten years since the World War ended. During this period many books have been written dealing either with the war or with the nations involved in it, most of them by nationals, a few by foreigners. It is probably no exaggeration to say that Professor Dibelius's book on England is not only far the most important work of the kind produced during this period, but that it is one of the few books of enduring importance written by a foreigner about another nation.

Professor Dibelius wrote in the years immediately following the war, when Germany lay crushed beneath the heels of its victorious opponents and when feeling between the recent enemies was at its bitterest. It is therefore conclusive evidence of his elevation of soul, the breadth and depth of his scholarship, and the soundness of his critical judgment that in the very first lines of his Preface he could say: "The idea of writing this book came to me in the war. It forced itself on me from my overwhelming sense of a people giving its best in fighting an enemy which it did not know." To this noble purpose Professor Dibelius remains constant throughout the book. With amazing objectivity and absolute fairness he describes, appreciates, interprets, and criticizes English institutions, customs, ideals, and achievements.

In the first instance, Professor Dibelius is addressing his own countrymen. He is a cultivated, intelligent, and patriotic German, but he is not therefore blind to the virtues any more than he is blind to the defects of his country's great adversary in the war. He proceeds on the sound assumption that an important contribution toward international understanding can be made only as disinterested scholars bring their minds objectively to play upon the achievements, the aspirations, the faults, the virtues of other nations. One feels certain that, as Professor Dibelius has written a fearless, scholarly, and appreciative book about England, so he would be the first to welcome a similar book written by an Englishman about Germany. There is indeed no place for stupid and uncritical national sensitiveness if anything like mutual sympathy, tolerance, and

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comprehension is to be brought about among nations. Describing England for the purpose of enlightening Germany, Dibelius holds the mirror before England so that no Englishman who reads the book in the spirit in which it is written will fail to understand himself better.

The reduction of armies and navies, the perfection of transportation, the weaving of peaceful and beneficial international relations may all be aids to civilization and lasting peace; but although all these things had been in process during the fifty years preceding 1914, they did not prevent the war. At the crucial moment nations were willing to sacrifice everything —civilization, intercourse, wealth, life—in order that they might blindly dash themselves against one another for the purpose of achieving ends which ten years after the event no one is able to define and no participant has even remotely achieved—victor or vanquished. Will mutual comprehension weave still another and stronger bond? Dibelius is hopeful; at any rate, the two nations may now at last understand one another. The catch-phrases with which England has been characterized have here been analyzed and explained; henceforth the English may know how these catch-phrases came into vogue; the Germans, the limitations within which they possess meaning.

But the interest of the book is by no means confined to Englishman and German. There is perhaps no nation in the world with so little insight and knowledge as America. Only in the most restricted fashion do we know foreign languages, foreign literatures, foreign history, foreign culture, foreign aspirations, foreign difficulties and problems. However much it may benefit an Englishman or a German to ponder thoughtfully the pages of Professor Dibelius's book, it will benefit neither of them more than it will benefit an American, anxious, as all forward-looking Americans should be, to understand the significance and role of the two great nations with which directly or by implication this volume deals, for Dibelius shows a clear perception of the extent to which the war loaded upon us increased responsibilities at a time when we were hardly competent as a nation to bear the responsibilities we were already carrying. The translator and the publishers have therefore rendered a signal service to the American public by making this volume accessible at a time when the comprehension of foreign nations has become of overwhelming practical and cultural importance. The book was written clearly, vigorously, and concisely in the original German; Mrs. Hamilton has done her work so skilfully that the reader is unaware of the fact that he is reading a translation.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER

The Subjection of India

India in Bondage. By Jabez T. Sunderland. Lewis Copeland Company. $4.

IT was Sir John Seeley who said long ago about India in his remarkably wise book, "The Expansion of England": "Prolonged subjection to a foreign rule is one of the most potent causes of national deterioration." This passage may be taken as the text of Dr. Sunderland's new volume. He writes as the advocate of India's freedom from the foreign yoke of Great Britain, and his words come from the depth of a very warm and noble heart. He cannot write dispassionately, for his whole soul is stirred by the subject he has chosen, and when he remembers all that India's subjection has meant of humiliation and injustice in the past to the Indian people, his emotion is roused and he pours forth a stream of passionate protest. Yet his spirit remains kindly and generous throughout, and he seeks in every way to be fair-minded and true to the evidence which he has laboriously collected. At the opening of his book he gives the following explanation of his motive:

> I very earnestly desire not to be misunderstood as to my motive in writing this book. Let no one say, or for a moment believe, that the book means enmity to Great Britain. It means nothing of the kind, any more than pleas for freedom of the slave in the old days of American slavery. I speak plainly; but as already said, in everything I endeavor to be fair and just, and to treat with respect and courtesy those who hold views different from my own. I am in no sense whatever England's ill-wisher. What I advocate for India I believe to be for England's good as well as for India's. I want no wrong done to England, in connection with India or anywhere else. But I also want England to do no wrong to India, or through India to the world.

The fact that this book of Dr. Sunderland's has been proscribed by the Indian government is itself a justification of the title "India in Bondage." Such a proscription obviously means a denial of essential freedom. The matter has not ended even there. A singularly upright and sincere Indian editor, Mr. Ramananada Chatterjee, was recently prosecuted for sedition and convicted because he had published the book in India. There are few men in India whose goodness I personally admire more and whose friendship I value more highly than Mr. Ramananada Chatterjee's, and it was a very great shock to me indeed when his prosecution and conviction were announced. It brought home to me how helpless India is.

If Dr. Sunderland is challenged, as an American, with living in a glass house owing to America's retention of the Philippines against the will of the people, he makes a splendid reply: "Whether we like your question or not, it is just and entirely proper on your part; and even if for the time being it makes us mad, as it will be likely to, in the end it will do us good." He also quotes Bishop Brent's words: "Moral questions have no boundaries. The world of today is steadily revealing itself to be a world of identical moral interests. If we exploit abroad, the downfall of the exploited will eventually become our own downfall."

The indictment which Dr. Sunderland makes is one that cannot be easily answered. The truth is that in earlier days there was much to be said for the continuance of British rule in India because it remained acceptable to the great majority of thinking Indian people, but today when it has become unacceptable the saying of Sir John Seeley about the evil of prolonged foreign rule comes true. Autocracy has gone on far too long, and it has brought with it an inevitable chain of evils which make India feel her bondage more and more acutely.

Dr. Sunderland's own solution for the Indian problem is a remarkably moderate one. He would himself be perfectly content to see India free and self-governing in the same way that Canada and Australia are free. He has not set forward in this volume as his own solution of the present deadlock anything further than this dominion status:

> As a result of a pretty wide acquaintance in England and a residence of some years in Canada, I am disposed to believe that nowhere in the world can be found governments that are more free, that more fully embody the intelligent will of their people, or that better serve their people's many-sided interests and wants than those of the self-ruling colonies, or "dominions," of Great Britain. I do not see but that these are in every essential way as free as if they were full republics. Probably they are not any more free than the people of the United States, but it is no exaggeration to say that they are essentially as free. The connection of most of them with England, their mother-country, is not one of coercion but of choice; it is one of reverence and affection. That the British government assures such liberty in even a part of its colonies is a matter for congratulation and honorable pride. To this extent it stands on a moral elevation equal, if not superior, to that of any government in the world.

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With this idea of Canada in his mind he welcomes dominion status, and he would be glad if the people of India could be satisfied with that position. But at the same time he fully recognizes that the choice must rest with India herself; and if her choice were finally to be complete independence, he himself would accept that verdict as the will of the Indian people. Just as slavery had to be abolished because it was an infringement of sacred human rights, so the foreign rule of Britain over India must come to an end for the same reason. This is Dr. Sunderland's main thesis, and the facts he brings forward uphold it in a convincing manner.

C. F. Andrews

Critic as Poet; Poet as Critic

Poets, Farewell! By Edmund Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Gold Coast Customs. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

EDMUND WILSON disarms any reviewer when, with a gesture of farewell, he leaves the field of poetry to those who are indeed poets and betakes himself again to his own field of prose and criticism, a field where his name is already emblazoned. This farewell is indicated in his title. Since, however, Mr. Wilson has chosen to publish a book of poems, he has offered himself for criticism concerning his poetry.

The present reviewer has always been much puzzled as to just how the difference between an excellent imitation of poetry —such as is written frequently by men of letters—and real poetry may be defined. Such imitations have the manners, the garments, the poses of real poetry, but in some subtle way they betray themselves as imitations. Strangely enough, any acute literary analyst can imitate poetic images, poetic language, poetic ideas; what betrays him usually is his rhythm, for in real poetry the rhythm is the emotion and the emotion is the rhythm. This is not true of poetry written by the literary analyst.

Now it is not quite fair to put Mr. Wilson in the latter class: his poems spring from completely authentic experience, but in them the intellect rather than the emotion determines the rhythm. Only once or twice does the emotion dictate, and on these occasions, as in A Young Girl Indicted for Murder, the rhythm springs from the emotion. In general, Mr. Wilson's rhythms are not inevitable. His use of language is expert, his imagery subtle; he is a far better writer of verse than hundreds who proclaim themselves poets in the flesh, but he is not essentially a poet and he is acute enough to understand this fact himself.

As for Edith Sitwell—here we have the opposite side of the picture, the poet attempting to be critic of her age, and failing whenever she loses sight of her art in order to stamp down her ideas. The world for Miss Sitwell is like a sampler on the wall: woven figures—romantic, pudgy, and wooden-faced, like a child's dream of maturity—figures seeming to move yet utterly incapable of motion! Miss Sitwell is very tired indeed, very completely lost—and she knows it. She remembers a childish and romantic past as delightful, but in this past she has no faith; the reality of the present she abhors. Life is a living death and death is an uncertainty which may be even worse. Hers is the dilemma of so many moderns. And so like a modern Lady of Shalott, a little angular, Miss Sitwell weaves her samplers, and the legend running underneath—whether it be "God Bless Our Happy Home" or something else—is always interpreted ironically. And while she weaves she sings her nursery songs, which, although they have nursery rhythms, are in idea very sophisticated and disillusioned. And she gazes into the mirror, already cracked from side to side and very old, because even its distortions are preferable to the view out the window.

The long poem with which this book begins, Gold Coast Customs, is a superimposition of African savagery and cannibalism upon modern savagery and cannibalism as seen at one of Mrs. Bamburgher's parties. The criticism inherent in the situation is not new: that as a whole African savagery is more decent than is modern. I have deliberately oversimplified the poem in order to make my point, for Miss Sitwell's criticism fails, and what is valid as poetry is her emotion of horror at the sordidness of modern life and her yearning after faith:

> I have seen the murdered God look through the eyes
> Of the drunkard's smirched
> Mask as he lurched
> O'er the half of my heart that lies in the street
> 'Neath the dancing fleas and the foul news-sheet.

Her six lyrics, which were to be a part of a longer poem never written concerning Bluebeard, add little to Miss Sitwell's ideas and are written with her usual amazing transposition of imagery from one sense to another; here again we see what we smell, taste what we see, touch what we smell. All poets use this trick, but with Miss Sitwell it becomes a definite technique of distortion, and the result achieved through it is always that of the superimposition of the actual world upon the romantic world—and disillusionment concerning both.

Eda Lou Walton

Mr. Callaghan's Medium

It's Never Over. By Morley Callaghan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN some respects Morley Callaghan is by far the most interesting member of the contemporary hard-boiled school of fiction. Under the surfaces of a prose style that runs in deadly parallel to the familiar technique of Ernest Hemingway, he uncovers a warm, vibrant, boyish personality. He exhibits a curiosity about human behavior that seems to be at war with the very method he has chosen as his medium. His short stories and novels are actually concerned with the subtle, often tender, sometimes downright sentimental phases of human relationship. As evidence of his vitality he displays a wholesome sense of humor in his very short story about a young priest facing a problem in practical theology as he tries to expel a drunkard from a confessional. Even in the hands of Ernest Hemingway, the hard-boiled manner is suspect—behind a brightly polished exterior you discern a soft, almost tearful admission that the world is no place for sweet young lovers—and in the case of Morley Callaghan you half expect the apparition of another Booth Tarkington, gifted with the naive curiosity of a Sherwood Anderson.

In his latest novel Callaghan throws the shadow of a man who died upon the gallows across the life of his protagonist, John Hughes. The story is told in the usual detached, simple, straightforward manner, but the situation that creates the story carries with it a world of complex interrelationships, depending largely upon the fact that the human organism is something more than a given assortment of sexual reflexes. John Hughes is a rationally ambitious young man, bewildered for the time being by an emotional attachment to two young women, Lillian and Isabelle. He is a thoroughly likable young fellow, a bit slow-witted and inarticulate. His particular ambition is a successful career as a concert baritone. He earns his living by clerking in a department store and singing in church choirs. Just before the novel opens he breaks his engagement to Isa-

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belle (quite at her suggestion) because of possible scandal arising from her brother's death upon the gallows. By avoiding an obvious emotional complication, he steps into another that has all the elusive characteristics of a messy love affair. He acquires Lillian, Isabelle's closest friend, as his mistress. Helplessly, hopelessly, he tries to forget Isabelle by immersing himself in his affair with Lillian; meanwhile, Lillian, always easily stirred by a romantic appeal to her emotions, imagines that she is in love with Isabelle's dead brother. Isabelle, frustrated in her love for John, becomes reckless in her favors to other men. Both girls are in a fair way to go to the dogs and John is halted in the progress of his career. Putting it mildly, the situation becomes intolerable; you feel desperately sorry for these three young people, even at the expense of your own emotions going a little bit soft and sentimental.

Callaghan never fails to excite your sympathy for his characters; even the minor figures (there is an excellent portrait of Father Mason, a Catholic priest) are clearly outlined and convincing. Yet here as always there is a possibility of Callaghan creating something far more important than his self-imposed limitations allow, something well beyond the professional novel patterned in the style of 1930.

HORACE GREGORY

A Philosophical Vagabond

A Landlubber's Log. By Arthur Warner. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

RUNNING away to sea when one is young is the oldest and most romantic of adventures. No Wanderlust that halts at the sea's rim can ever find full and satisfying expression; for the inland voyage, or even the voyage in the air, is tame compared to the majesty and mystery of the sea and the hallowed traditions of a thousand years that surround all ocean-going ships. Many generations of men have grown old haunted by an unfulfilled dream of youth to follow the gipsy trail to the far corners of the earth. A voyage such as Arthur Warner has recorded in "A Landlubber's Log" would leave the old age of most men with few regrets. Mr. Warner's book is an absorbing account of a youthful voyage in a tramp steamer to Australia and New Zealand some twenty-five years ago. After an interlude spent in wandering—as a "bindle-stiff" through New Zealand, as a beach-comber in Australia, and as a sailor on a windjammer—he returns to England in the hellish stokehole of a passenger ship. The narrative is realistic, but as in all good realism there hovers over it the mystery of the unseen, the spirit of romance.

Mr. Warner's yarn has something of the hard fidelity to fact which one associates with a ship's log. There is not the remotest suggestion of deliberate dramatic heightening or fictitious falsification for the sake of a better story. Without the use of any gestures or obtrusive devices he has told his story quietly and simply. His veracity is the veracity of cool restraint, even of understatement, and he is as skilful in this respect as is William H. Davies in "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." But he is more charming than Davies in his commentaries upon his experiences—upon men and things. He has the ability to turn informal essayist at a moment's notice, but he does it with fine artistic tact and an understanding of the requirements of effective narrative. These essays in little are always illuminating, and reflect in quizzical humor or in flashes of insight a man who enjoys the wonders and roaring paradoxes of creation. While rambling through New Zealand he expounds a bit of beggar's philosophy the wisdom of which I as an ex-hobo can heartily indorse. I quote it as a valuable bit of advice to the fraternity:

> When traveling as a tramp, as I have hinted before, one must be bold, insistent, and immediate. One cannot trifle or dally with people's generosity; it's an unstable quality that may ooze away or grow cool. Give people an inch and they'll take an ell. Let them off from giving you supper and they'll want to deny you breakfast too. You mustn't give them a chance to be ungenerous; if necessary, be generous for them. Keep their hearts bleeding; the flow clots all too readily.

The incidents in this narrative are not sensational. There is no mutiny, no fire at sea, no encounter with Malay pirates. Several fights occur, a man falls overboard, the author has a narrow escape from death as a stoker—but the events for the most part are casual enough. All, however, are made to seem important and unique as transcribed by Mr. Warner. His is the art that fashions interest out of experiences which to a writer less alive and less skilful would yield little. His sojourn with the Salvation Army in Newcastle, Australia, is most amusingly presented, and his long trek alone across New Zealand is an excellent illustration of how the trivial can be made exciting. But most entertaining of all is the voyage on the tramp steamer, the Lethington, to Australia. The members of the crew are vividly delineated, each speaking a delightfully convincing idiom whether he be Cockney, Irishman, Norwegian, or Scotsman. As the Lethington plows the desolate seas from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia six thousand miles away, one learns of the sailor's peculiar insularity, of his language and preoccupations, his songs and chanteys, the motives that underlie his allegiance to the sea. Mr. Warner says in the opening pages of his book that he became a sailor in order to find reality. "A Landlubber's Log" is ample evidence that he found it; and what is no less important, he has written a book that belongs with the best of the vagabond travel narratives.

GLEN MULLIN

Boswell and Johnson

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell. By Harry Salpeter. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THIS volume has the pleasantly casual, conversational tone proper to a book about Johnson and Boswell, no matter how much industrious reading and research may have preceded the writing of it. Mr. Salpeter refers in the postscript to the more than sixty volumes he read, reread, perused, and dipped into during three years, and to his good fortune in having access to the first six volumes of the privately printed Boswell papers. As the publication of these papers goes on, Boswell emerges more and more as a vivid and various personality, in whose life Johnson was a golden incident, but an incident, "as Boswell was an incident in Johnson's."

They met in 1763, and Mr. Salpeter tells all about that meeting, and what each man was like then and what he had done; and how after this first act of the friendship Boswell went off on his grand tour, became interested in Corsica, and Paoli, and Voltaire, and Wilkes, and presently established for himself a reputation on the Continent as considerable as that enjoyed by Johnson in England. Had Johnson rebuffed him when he decided to write his life, Boswell might have immortalized some other celebrity, such as Wilkes, for he was "quite promiscuous in his biographical affections." That year 1763, central in the lives of Johnson and Boswell, can be regarded as central in the Johnsonian epoch; and Mr. Salpeter fills a dozen pages or so with facts about the rise of Methodism, inventions in industry, the progress of the novel, the beginning of the Romantic movement—facts that help the reader with a rich background to fill in the story, but offer a somewhat disconcerting challenge to the weak memories of most of us. Sup-

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pose Crabbe was then nine, and Mozart seven, and Blake six, and Handel peacefully at rest for four years in Westminster Abbey? They might have made the age interesting poetically and musically if they had been older or younger, but they weren't; and Mr. Salpeter sums it all up as an age that would have left indifferent wracks behind if Boswell hadn't made it the golden age of biography.

After this crossroads encounter in 1763, how did Boswell influence Johnson and Johnson Boswell? Johnson's best writing had been done but his best talking was to come, and it might not have come at all in its rich profusion if Boswell had not helped to create it by his persistent questioning. He displayed great ingenuity in thinking up questions: what would Johnson do if shut up in a tower with a baby, for instance—questions that once made Johnson say, "Would not such talk make a man hang himself?" As for Johnson's influence, perhaps he stiffened Boswell's moral spine, though the results were not striking except from the standpoint of how much worse Boswell would have been without Johnson. That Johnson became his model was "to the greater ultimate advantage of the preceptor than the student." The later chapters contain sketches of Johnson's friends, an account of the club, a brief systematic narrative of his life, and a discussion of the always interesting contradictions and virtues and oddities of his character. The best things have already been said of him, and Mr. Salpeter puts down nothing new that is any better than Mrs. Thrale's "all he did was gentle, if all he said was rough."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books in Brief

The Virginia Plutarch. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Two volumes. The University of North Carolina Press. $9.

These volumes contain biographical sketches of thirty-three persons, from Powhatan to Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Walter Reed, whose careers seem to Mr. Bruce to entitle them to remembrance and praise as Virginians. The Virginia connection in some cases is rather incidental; most people do not think of John Sevier of Tennessee fame as a Virginian, nor of George Rogers Clark, Sam Houston, or Edgar Allan Poe as belonging primarily to the Old Dominion. Mr. Bruce's choice, however, has been determined more by what men did than by what they were, and while in the cases of the colonial and Revolutionary leaders, the first Presidents, and John Marshall the two standards merge, something of reflected light shines from others who sought or found distinction afield. The sketches do not add anything important to what was already known about their subjects, nor does Mr. Bruce trouble himself to explain—if it can be satisfactorily explained—why Virginia has been so preeminently rich in distinguished names. The omission at this point is the more remarkable because Mr. Bruce knows the plantation system and the early social life of Virginia extremely well, and could, if he had chosen, have illumined his chapters with more than incidental references to the social and economic background. The volumes may be commended to readers who like to take their history in the form of biography.

Elizabeth Gaskell. By Gerald DeWitt Sanders, Ph.D. With a Bibliography by Clark S. Northup, Ph.D. Published for Cornell University. Yale University Press. $3.50.

This book is an excellent example of the depths to which professional American scholarship can fall. It fills all the requirements of method without exhibiting any intellectual distinction except perseverance. Footnotes, bibliographies, and indexes are in perfect order; chronology and punctuation are faultless. With the tireless patience of a typical degree-getter Mr. Sanders has arranged a mass of biographical and explana-

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The Twilight of Empire by Scott Nearing

Author of "Black America," "Dollar Diplomacy", etc.

The manuscript of this book caused Dr. Nearing's expulsion from the Communist Party. In these pages he raises the question whether the United States has entered upon an imperialist cycle comparable to that of Rome and of other empires that have vanished.

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tory facts under convenient headings and called it a day, or, to be exact, a study of Mrs. Gaskell's works. Yet "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" is dismissed with some gossipy anecdotes. There is no attempt made to discuss its merits or to relate it to the history of English biography. The generalities concerning Mrs. Gaskell's use of dialect are as trivial as the remarks about "Cranford." Such a performance, aside from the reflection it casts on scholarship, is especially regrettable in view of the absence of any current appreciation of the subject in American literary criticism.

Edward Coke. By Hastings Lyon and Herman Block. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

This biography of the oracle of the common law, though written by lawyers, is evidently addressed not primarily to lawyers but to the reading public at large. The authors devote less space to Coke's legal writings than to an account of negotiations for the marriage of his daughter and the accompanying quarrels between himself and his wife. They rarely give any indication of their sources of information and never refer to earlier writings on Coke. They pay much attention to historical backgrounds and to creating atmosphere, but with the best of intentions they do not give us a convincing portrait of the tough old lawyer in all his strength and weakness. To do so would be, indeed, a remarkable achievement. Even Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his "Elizabeth and Essex," was not moved to attempt a vignette of Coke.

Love's Illusion. By J. D. Beresford. The Viking Press. $2.50.

First love—romantic love—comes to the youthful hero of this charming and delicate story of remembered youth during a holiday at home, after his Cambridge days are over and while he delays for a brief three months before entering on his career. He is an inexperienced youth; so he falls in love with an illusion—a dream of perfection. But Brenda is a realist, as earthly as she is beautiful. Her he never sees and is quite incapable of knowing. Nor does he realize that it is she who subtly encourages him step by step as he presses his love-making, that she deliberately brings about all that happens between them. And then, inevitably, comes disillusion. The story glides by smoothly, and long before it is over one has succumbed to the spell cast by its well-sustained, idyllic mood.

On Virgin Soil. By Balder Olden. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

The war as it was carried on in Africa gave this German writer material for an excellent book of sketches. Here are primitive characters—black and white—treated without the usual regard for their picturesque qualities; here are bare, sometimes mean conflicts; here are sharp, brutal scenes and brilliant descriptive passages. The author has an admirably objective manner in his treatment of simple souls and does nothing to soften—or, apparently, to heighten—the somewhat acrid atmosphere of existence in the tropics. Gall and bitterness are here, with just a modicum of war's heroic aspects.

Pomp and Circumstance. By E. de Gramont, Ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre. Translated by Brian W. Downs. Introduction by Louis Bromfield. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

There have been better memoirs, Mr. Bromfield to the contrary, and there probably will be better ones of the very period of which Mme de Gramont writes. The best part of these, and by best is meant the most illuminating and best written, is that devoted to the Rothschild family. These accounts have the intimate enthusiasm the rest of the book lacks. But Mme de Gramont admits the never-failing allure that the Orient has for her; so perhaps the other people she knew, in spite of their wit and mannerisms, never attained quite the

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same importance in her eyes—certainly they never have in the world's estimate. Yet distinguished memoirs have been made with far less international figures. The fault lies not in the matter but in the manner, which lacks both imagination and discernment and, what is most important, animation.

Drama

An Alien Art

MEI LAN-FANG, called the greatest of Chinese actors, has been performing at the National Theater while a company of Japanese players has been appearing at the Booth. The coincidence is, I presume, no more than a coincidence, but it affords an unusual opportunity to compare the austere and highly formalized art of the former with the facilely graceful dance-pantomimes of the latter.

Mei Lan-Fang is enigmatically interesting, but the danger is, I think, that the Occidental critic will speak with a too easy enthusiasm concerning the subtle beauty of his performance. For the purpose of analogy let us suppose that a Chinese, totally ignorant of English literature, is taken to see Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet," and let us suppose still further that he comes away full of volubly enthusiastic opinions about Shakespeare. Would we not feel that his criticism was more than absurd? Would we not, as a matter of fact, consider it impertinent? And yet such an opinion would be hardly more absurd or more impertinent than any which the average New Yorker is likely to express concerning Mei Lan-Fang. That he is excellent in some fashion is obvious enough, but the plays which he plays are part of an ancient and totally alien tradition, while the style of his acting is as strange to us as the style of Duse would be to the laborer in the rice fields of a distant province. An American who had spent his life in China from childhood on might possibly have a pertinent critical opinion. Any other, no matter how much he was intrigued or how many glimpses he thought he had got into the real meaning of the performance, would be pretty certain to miss the point.

When Mr. Mei first enters the stage, singing in a high falsetto and waving the long sleeves which completely cover his hands, the impression which he gives is of something purely grotesque. The language of his gestures and the language of his intonations are as foreign as that which is articulated by his lips. They mean nothing because they suggest nothing in our experience and because they awaken nothing in our memories. Moreover, though one gradually begins to perceive that here is some kind of skill and some kind of eloquence; though one begins, in consequence, to watch with interest and a kind of wondering admiration, one never ceases to find even the gestures as unexpected as the intervals of the Oriental music which accompany them. Thus at the end of one little play a man and wife who have just learned of the death of their only son break into a song and dance. And though the program obligingly informs us that the characters in such a play usually sing and dance at emotional crises, it is not information concerning the conventions of a form of art which we need in order to appreciate it. What we need is the understanding, the habitual acceptance, which comes only with long familiarity, and to attempt to appreciate Mei Lan-Fang through the aid of a program note is all too much like trying to read Homer with a dictionary. The only meaning we get is the meaning which does not really matter.

Nor is this, indeed, all, for the intention of the plays is hardly less obscure than that of the acting. They are legendary in character, and they deal, some of them at least, with violent and bloody deeds. Yet I confess that I am not sure even how

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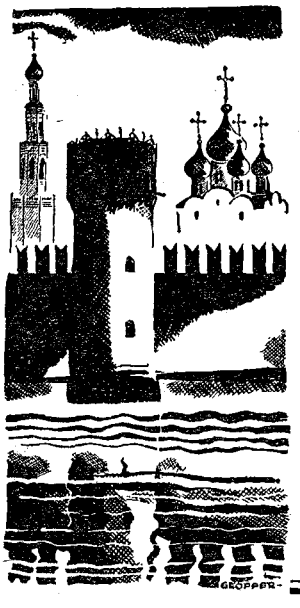

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much of primary dramatic emotion they are supposed to contain, though I am inclined to suspect that, despite occasional scenes which seem tragic in our sense, they are not intended to move us much with "pity and terror." I suspect that through the course of time and endless re-treatment they have come to be no more than the materials used for formal decorative effects, that we are, for example, not expected to be frightened by the bandit king whom Mr. Mei, as a sort of Chinese Judith, finally kills any more than we are supposed to be frightened by the purely decorative dragon which St. George is slaying in a piece of Gobelin tapestry. I suspect, moreover, that such art may be very beautiful, and I know that our own opera—in which, for example, the death of the heroine is less an occasion for sorrow than an excuse for an aria—represents a less complete development in a similar direction; but after all I can only guess at the intention of "Vengeance on the Bandit General" and feel only obscurely its beauty.

I should not like to convey the impression that there are no moments in Mr. Mei's performance which are clearly and comprehensibly effective, for there are a number of such. Neither should I like to seem to imply that the performance as a whole is not very much worth seeing and studying. But I should rather give either of these false impressions than to pose as having a really intelligent appreciation of something too alien to be judged by a person like myself. I believe that Mei Lan-Fang is great, but I have only a very confused idea of the nature of his greatness.

The Japanese are, by comparison at least, relatively simple and understandable. Their dancing and acrobatic pantomime is extraordinarily supple, but it is not so very different in kind from that with which we are familiar in ballets, and the rather facilely sentimental stories which they tell are not unlike the stories of Western ballets. No audience is likely to be much puzzled; neither, I think, is it likely to be rewarded by anything more than an excellent performance in an essentially familiar manner.

The "all-star" revival of "The Rivals" (Erlanger's Theater) has Mrs. Fiske and a number of other well-known performers, but they do not succeed in arousing more than an antiquarian's interest in the play. "This Man's Town" (Ritz Theater) is a fairly good example of the "hard-boiled" melodrama; "Love, Honor, and Betray" (Eltinge Theater) is quite the worst of all the bad plays in which Alice Brady has recently appeared.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Small Mercies

IN Soviet Russia the cinematic artist, like any other artist, is supposed to be concerned only with the cause of communism. Very often he will deny that he is an artist at all, claiming as Eisenstein does that he is merely an engineer, a technician. It is something of a paradox, therefore, that outside of Russia Soviet films have been acclaimed as masterpieces of cinematic art, superior to anything produced in other countries, whereas their preoccupation with communism has been regarded as their least important feature. But paradox or not, Soviet directors continue to surprise foreign audiences by the vigor and resourcefulness of their imagination. "The China Express" (Cameo) fully maintains this reputation for high imaginative quality. Treated as a dramatic poem it unfolds its story with a tremendous power of imagery and movement, ending in a breath-taking climax of a rushing train which no powers on earth seem to be able to stop. This apotheosis of a rebellion as the sym-

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THE OPEN ROAD

bol of the Chinese revolution, together with the sustained dramatic movement of the picture and the rich variety of its characteristic human material, speaks highly for the art of its director, Ilya Trauberg. They prove not quite sufficient, however, to make the picture wholly convincing. The obstacle is chiefly in the scenario, which treats its social theme in a way that is too conventional to impart to the picture the quality of a fresh and independent approach to life which was so notable a feature of some of the earlier Russian films. "The China Express" is not merely a story of some passengers on a train. It is an attempt to show a cross-section of China with all the conflicting interests of its different classes. Here we have the downtrodden coolies, the babbling liberal merchants, the ruthless representative of the ruling European capitalists, and the native military who are the capitalists' obedient tools. The story is set in motion by means of an attempted rape of a Chinese child by a white overseer, which leads to a rising of the coolies and their seizure of the train by victory over the troops and their European masters. Now this may be good communism, but the schematic relationship of characters according to formula and their automatic falling into groups of heroes and villains can scarcely be described as a fresh and independent view of life.

The Soviet films represent the highest development of the silent cinema. The advance made by the Hollywood talkies has been chiefly technical; artistically the talkies are still in the nursery. The high praises bestowed on some of the recent pictures leave this opinion unshaken. One finds very little that oversteps the Hollywood convention in the much-lauded "Sarah and Son" (Paramount), although one may admit that Ruth Chatterton acts her part with sincerity and splendid restraint, and that the general treatment of the picture is skilful. Nor can "Anna Christie" (Capitol), with Greta Garbo in the principal role, be accepted as a notable achievement in cinematic art. Again, it may be admitted that Greta Garbo acquits herself quite creditably, particularly in some scenes, as for example the opening one. On the other hand even her performance is rather uneven, failing pitifully in the big scene at the end, while the picture as a whole, largely through poor direction, fails to maintain dramatic unity and suspense.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors To This Issue

RUBY A. BLACK is a Washington newspaper correspondent.

ARTHUR, LORD PONSONBY, newly created Labor peer, during his years in Parliament and as principal private secretary to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the years 1906-8, was a close observer of the career of Lord Balfour.

ROBERT HUNT is the editor of "Advertising Parade."

ABRAHAM FLEXNER is the director of the division of studies and medical education of the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation.

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HORACE GREGORY will publish this fall "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse.

GLEN MULLIN is the author of "Adventures of a Scholar Tramp."

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

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Ramsay MacDonald and the I. L. P.

RAMSAY MACDONALD recently ended his membership in the Independent Labor Party, Left-wing organization of the labor movement in Great Britain, by announcing that he did not intend to continue his annual subscription to the party funds. The I.L.P. members of Parliament, particularly the Clydesiders, have been among Mr. MacDonald's most vociferous and stinging critics during his present term as Prime Minister. In the light of this fact the editorial comment of the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the Left wing, on what might be considered Mr. MacDonald's defection is surprising and interesting. The editorial is called The End of a Chapter, and is signed by Ernest E. Hunter, who has only recently resigned his post as editor of the *New Leader*. We reprint it in full:

Ramsay MacDonald's break with the Independent Labor Party after thirty-six years' membership, most of it spent in the active life of the organization, marks the end of an important chapter. That for some time past it has seemed inevitable did not prevent the feeling of emptiness which many of us experienced when we saw the posters: Premier Leaves the I.L.P.

The fact is that until the last few years the personality of Ramsay MacDonald was inseparable from the I.L.P. At conferences the discussion would storm around his policies and views. In the corridors and committee rooms the fight raged on. One would hear, "Mac said this," or "Mac did that," or "What will Mac do?"—in nearly any conversation he would be the King Charles's head.

He was not a foundation member, but he joined the party in 1894, and up to the eve of the general election in 1922 his life story would be unrecognizable unless written in the light of his association with the I.L.P. As far back as 1895 he stood as I.L.P. candidate for Southampton, polling 867 votes, and in the years of stern fighting which followed before the Labor Party became a real force in Parliament, he, the chosen champion of the I.L.P., was one of the master-builders. In those years of preparation three men stood out: Keir Hardie, the prophet, Ramsay MacDonald, the executive head and strategist, Arthur Henderson, the organizer. The I.L.P. can never forget that two of these came from its own ranks. All through those years Ramsay MacDonald towered up in the ranks of the I.L.P., and however much his colleagues found themselves—and it was many times and oft—in disagreement with his views, they were always proud of his company. Was it not Keir Hardie who in 1910 said that Ramsay MacDonald was the biggest intellectual asset which the Socialist movement had?

Then came 1914. In that testing time the ties that bound Ramsay MacDonald to the I.L.P. were drawn tighter than ever. On the eve of the war he made the historic speech against the Grey policy which for so long cut him off from the main body of the Labor Party. He lost his leadership of the Parliamentary party, but the overwhelming majority of the I.L.P. rallied behind him. Rarely was a party so united and vigorous as the I.L.P. during those war years. At first it was only a handful of men and women standing out against the rest of the country. For a time its propaganda was difficult, but not for long. Soon it gathered momentum until throughout the length and breadth of the country the leaders of the I.L.P. could be assured of gigantic audiences to hear the case against the war, and, after 1918, against the peace.

Never has the press of this country given such a false reflection of public opinion as during those tragic years. The historian of the future turning back the old files between 1914 and 1922 will get no indication whatever of the steady rise in Britain of the party which was so soon destined to assume the leadership of the nation. In this upward struggle the figure of Ramsay MacDonald stands out in bold relief. In 1922 the tide turned. I remember—it seems like yesterday—standing in a Welsh mining village. Ramsay MacDonald, after four years in the wilderness, had been returned for Aberavon the night before. We had left his headquarters to tour the constituency before the papers arrived containing the results for the rest of the country. As we stood in this village the miners came running up with the morning papers and the moment when we read of the marvelous victories crowned with the Clydeside results, the return of Maxton, Wheatley, and others, stands out as one of those unforgettable experiences the memory of which still brings a lump in one's throat.

And then we came back to London. I remember sitting in the I.L.P. meeting when it was decided to nominate Ramsay MacDonald as the leader of the Opposition. I remember the joy of victory, the feeling that justice was done when the man who had been down and out with us once again took his place as Labor's leader. But I remember that even then there were the still, small voices which warned the Clydesiders that they would be disappointed. It was in the nature of things that this should happen. All the differences which had been discussed and reviewed and fought about in the days of propaganda were bound to be intensified when responsibility and government came.

And in 1924 when Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister for the first time it soon became evident that the division, temperamental and theoretical, between Ramsay MacDonald and his old colleagues was already beginning to assume formidable proportions. When the I.L.P. inscribed upon its banners: Socialism in Our Time, the rumbling of the storm became louder and louder.

The fact is that the whole conception of the Socialism in Our Time program is alien to Ramsay MacDonald's mind and mood. It is stupid to say that he has changed. Few public men in this country have over a long period of time preserved a more consistent body of principle than has the present Prime Minister. His view of politics as a biological process in which by a series of gradual transformations and adaptations, society moves on step by step, stage by stage, to a more perfect form is in sharp antithesis to the present I.L.P. view. All his tradition, training, and thought were bound sooner or later to lead him to take his present step.

Nothing would be gained by useless repinings. Without fuss or demonstration the Premier has decided to make a clean break. All the I.L.P. can do is to pay glad tribute to the work he did to build up this party, and to turn to the work of today and tomorrow. The past is behind. Only the future matters. But it will not be easy for the I.L.P. to escape from the shadow of this man's personality. He was not an easy man to live with. He is not likely to change. But he remains, and is likely to remain, the unchallenged leader of the Labor Party. Within that party the I.L.P. will have to fight, as it has always done, for its own point of view. In the day-to-day battle of ideas it will have to cross swords with its old colleague, but that it will do so with a vivid remembrance of the old days of intimate comradeship will be the deepest wish of all to whom the triumph of the common cause is the compelling motive.

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DR. EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROGRESS
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ETHICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Sunday, March 30
MR. JOHN COWPER POWYS
"The Art of Discrimination in Literature."

Tuesday, April 1
MR. CECIL B. RUSKAY
"Anathama." By Leonid Andreyev. (A Dramatic Presentation.)

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Monday, March 31
PROFESSOR KARL N. LLEWELLYN
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"The Three Eternal Problems: The Right Rule."

Wednesday, April 2
MR. CLIFTON P. FADIMAN
CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN LITERATURE
"England: Drift toward Experiment."

Thursday, April 3
DR. E. G. SPAULDING
"Reasoning in Chemistry: The Beginnings of Chemistry: Lavoisier, Dalton."

Saturday, April 5
DR. RICHARD McKEON
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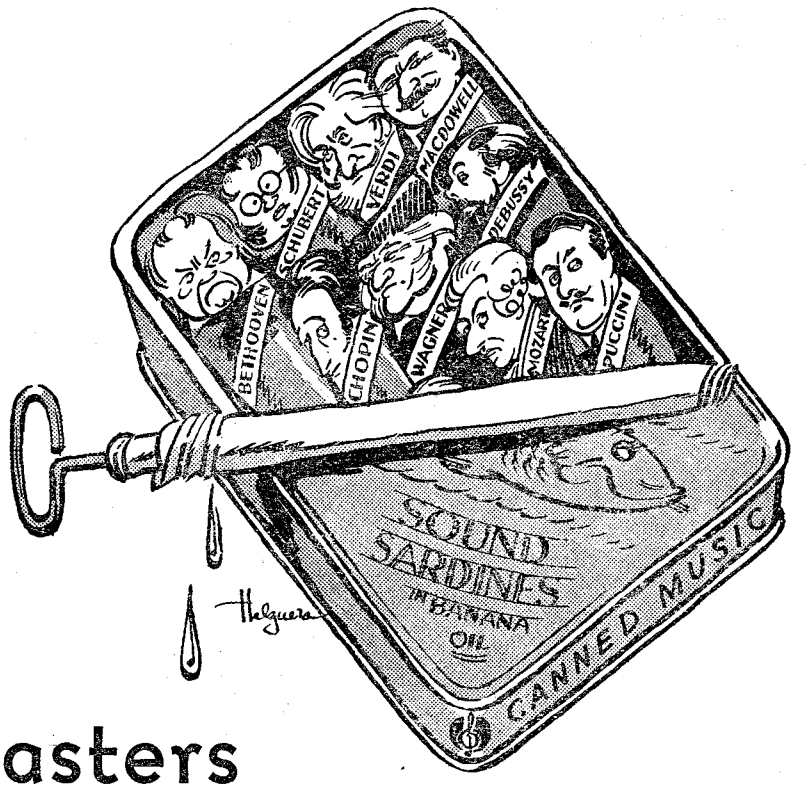

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